

C N CALLING

Let's oftener talk of
noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad
ones,
And sing about our
happy days,
And not about the sad
ones.

Number 1012 **AUGUST 13, 1938**

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

**MORE
SLEEP,
MORE
SLEEP**

See page 6

MAKING THE BEST OF ENGLAND

See
Middle
Pages

MONEY THAT FOUND AMERICA The Jews & the Adventure of Columbus

An intense hatred of Germany's cruelty to the Jews is rising among the Jewish population of the United States of America.

How many of us realise that here is but a new chapter in one of the most extraordinary stories in human annals?

Many of the Jews now in America are descended from martyred Jews whose money, against their will, served to send Columbus out to find the New World.

When Ferdinand and Isabella ruled Spain their Jewish subjects were the richest, most learned, and most powerful community in the realm. They led the world in literature, medicine, and science and were foremost as advisers in statesmanship. They were the intellectual and commercial backbone of the nation, allied by marriage to the proudest and most influential families.

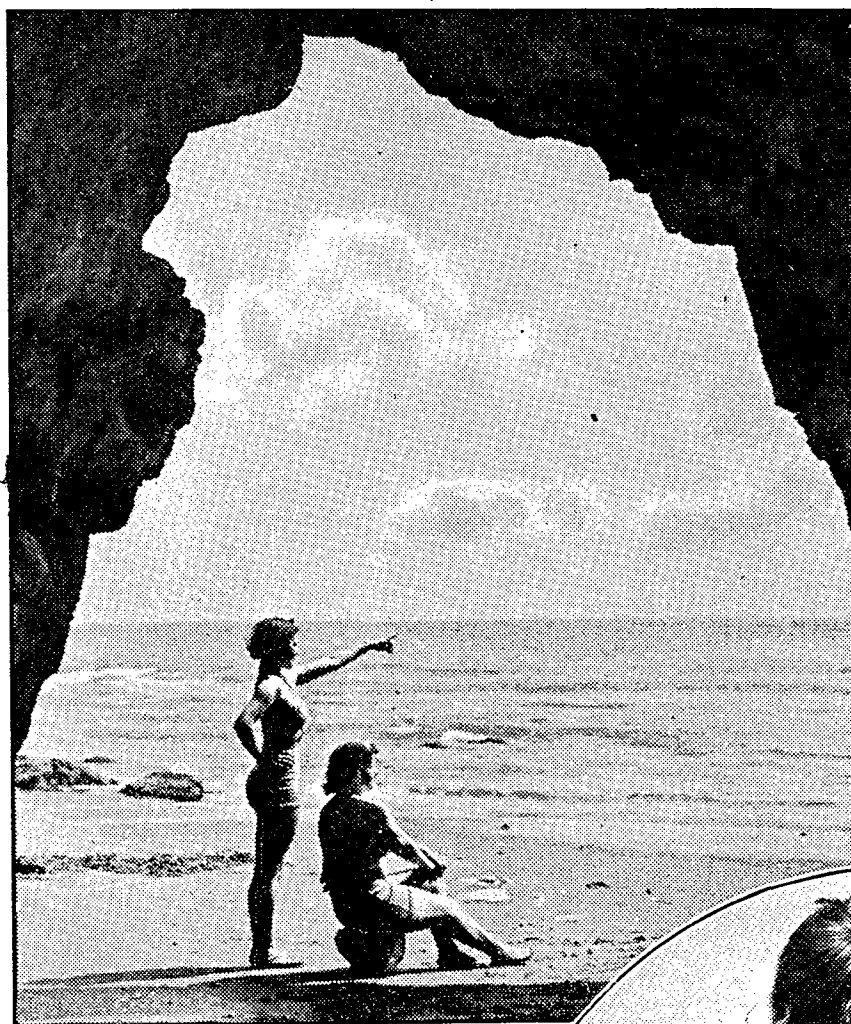
A merciful woman, Isabella was completely dominated by her spiritual advisers, who persuaded her that only by stamping out heresy could the land prosper, and its conquered territories be recovered from the Moors; so very reluctantly she sought the introduction of the Spanish Inquisition, its fires lit solely for the Spanish Jews, of whom 5000 were burnt at the stake, while 97,000 more were punished.

A Moorish Stronghold

All the revenues seized from these unhappy victims went to the prosecution of the war against the Moors, and the success of the Spanish arms was declared by the Queen's priestly advisers to signalise divine approval of the measures taken against Jews in Spain.

But there remained parts of Spain still unredeemed from the Moors, notably Granada, their last stronghold. Columbus, his heart breaking over the delays which prevented him from fitting out his ships for the great adventure, could not be financed until Granada had fallen, and the Moors there could not be defeated without more Jewish money.

In the spring of 1492, the year Columbus eventually sailed, an edict was published expelling every Jewish man, woman, and child from Spain. About 186,000 were driven forth, practically penniless to face the world, for, as



in Germany and Austria today, they were not permitted to take gold or silver out of the country from which they were expelled. There was then no America to offer sanctuary to the fleeing Jews, and they were scattered through France, Italy, Turkey, England, and Africa.

Not unfitting is it that sympathy for the persecuted race should grow in the wonderful continent their money made known to the world.

CHEERS ACROSS THE FRONTIER

THE possibility that the Canadian Government may provide facilities for the training of R A F pilots in Canada has been received with enthusiasm in the United States, where one of the foremost newspapers writes that a strong air force, either British or Canadian, immediately across the border could only be regarded as a further bulwark of defence for America.

So it is, of course. Yet we remember that in 1893 Chicago had a World's

Fair at which many nations were represented. Among those present were descendants of Columbus, to whom, naturally, great honours were paid.

But others remembered England, and longed to do something to celebrate her, and it could not be done on American soil without giving offence! So the delegates of 25 nations exhibiting at the fair crossed the frontier into Canada, there to raise cheers and to sing God Save the Queen.

Have You Heard This News? IT IS ALL TRUE

THERE never was a kinder world than this. Have you heard these stories of the kind actions of our railway men? Every one of them is true.

Some miles out of Nantwich on the G W R line is a lonely cottage where a widow lives. A driver of an express who passes this way once or twice a week heard that the old lady never got a paper of any kind, owing to the fact that the cottage is miles from anywhere. This driver goes down his train and collects papers left by passengers, so that on the return journey, when nearing the widow's cottage, he toots his whistle, slows up, and throws out a bundle of papers into the garden! Passengers just catch a glimpse of the old lady waving a white handkerchief in thanks.

Near Reddish (Stockport way) the main line to York passes a house where a lady has been on her back for 15 years with spinal trouble. When the night mail express passes by the postal sorters switch the lights on the side of the train for illuminating the automatic little bag catchers on and off as they pass, and the driver blows his whistle. The bedridden lady replies through the window by waving a torch the men have given her for this purpose. Last Christmas they sent her another gift.

Near Leeds, in a lonely field, there is a hut in which a young lady is suffering from consumption, and the same thing goes on here. The drivers of passing expresses, knowing how lonely the girl is, give her a cheery call night and day.



Seaside Days

Here Again

LUTINE BELL RINGS FOR THE LUTINE

Gold and Guns From the Ocean Bed

An unheralded sight during this year's Navy Week was the reappearance, after 139 years under the sea, of three eight-foot guns, duly loaded with grape-shot.

They were brought up by the scoops of the Karimata, the biggest tin-dredger in the world, from the wreck of H M S Lutine, lying on the seabed off the Dutch island of West Terschelling.

The famous ship bell at Lloyds came from this wreck, which was a serious matter for its underwriters, who paid out a million pounds to the owners of the gold on board. It was a dramatic moment, therefore, when the old Lutine Bell was rung the other day for the Lutine itself, and it was announced that the first substantial gold brick had been brought to the surface.

The warship was not only carrying the pay for the British army then at the Texel, but had on board a huge consignment of gold and silver to the merchants of Hamburg. It is not known how much, for all records were burnt in a fire, but in a previous attempt at salvage by local fishermen £100,000 of the soldier's pay was recovered.

The Dutch firm which owns the Karimata has obtained the sanction of Lloyds to attempt this work of salvage, but no one knows exactly who were the members who paid out the sums due on the total loss of the Lutine in that autumn storm of 1799.

A Queen's Last Words To Her People

We may think that never before has a queen left a warmer message for her people than Queen Marie of Rumania, grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, left to the Rumanian nation when she passed away a few weeks ago. We take these words from it.

I was barely 17 when I came to you. I was young and ignorant but very proud of my native country, and I am even now proud of having been born an Englishwoman; but when I embraced a new nationality I tried to become a good Rumanian.

I have come to the end of my journey, but before being silent for ever I wish to raise my hands for the last time to bless you.

I bless you, dear Rumania, the country of my joy and of my grief, the beautiful country which lived in my heart and all of whose paths I knew; the beautiful country which I saw united, whose lot I shared so many years, whose ancestral dreams I also dreamed, and was privileged to see fulfilled. May you always be rich, may you be great and honest, loved and understood.

I entrust my children to the heart of my people. Being mortals they can sin, but their hearts are as warm as was mine; love them and be good to each other, for so it must be.

And now I must bid you farewell for ever; but above all remember, my people, that I loved you, and that I bless you with my last breath.

Shabby Sport in Arran

We consider otter and fox hunting repugnant to every nature lover, and thoroughly agree with you that such falsely called sports should be declared illegal and made impossible in our lovely Scotland. There has been much correspondence in the local press against such a degrading exhibition on one of God's most beautiful and largest unspoiled islands.

Mr John McKim, Paisley, to the C.N

BETTER THAN RATTLING THE SWORD

The Balkan Road to Peace

Other countries will share in the pleasure which her new Peace Pact has given to the people of Bulgaria.

It is only 20 months since Bulgaria signed a Pact of Eternal Friendship with her old foe Yugo-Slavia, and now she has signed an Agreement at Salonika with the Balkan Entente in which Rumania, Greece, and Turkey are associated with Yugo-Slavia in promoting a peaceful settlement of all their common difficulties in the Balkans.

At the end of the Great War Bulgaria was heavily penalised, territory being handed to Yugo-Slavia and Greece, her army reduced to 10,000 men, her frontiers disarmed, and her recently won access to the sea taken from her. It was a humiliating blow, for thousands of Bulgarians became Minorities under the rule of their traditional enemies, and the promised seaport on the Aegean Sea, so essential to her economic future, has never been granted.

Under the new Agreement the Balkan Powers have recognised the grievances of their neighbour, and on her part Bulgaria has promised not to resort to force to remedy them, while she has renounced for ever the hope of one day regaining the Dobruja area taken from her by Rumania in 1913. Greece, which has already solved a problem by the exchange of peoples, has promised Bulgaria special trading rights at an Aegean port, and generally the situation in the Balkans is much happier.

Bulgaria is still unwilling to join the Balkan League, for she is not satisfied with her European status, but she has at least shown Europe that sabre-rattling is not the only way of securing recognition of national grievances in the councils of the world of today.

THE MAN OF PEACE ADRIFT IN A LITTLE BOAT

Trying to Straighten Out a European Tangle

The visit of Lord Runciman to Prague has greatly strengthened the hope that the perplexing problem of the Sudeten Germans will be settled peacefully.

It is something achieved that an Englishman has been asked to go out to see the parties and to make proposals for a settlement. It is only a month or two since it seemed that Europe might be dragged into a sudden war on account of Czecho-Slovakia, where the biggest of the minority populations (the Sudeten Germans) are persistently demanding a sort of Home Rule. From that state of things, with millions of people and several nations angry, to the quieter feeling existing today, with all parties agreeing that an Englishman should look into it, is an immense step forward.

Lord Runciman, who has the reputation of a man of great sanity and liberal views, represents himself; his position was most happily put by the answer he made to the Prime Minister who asked him to go. "I see you are setting me adrift in a little boat in mid-Atlantic," he said, and Mr Chamberlain assured him that was exactly the position.

If a man adrift in a little boat in mid-Atlantic can bring peace to Europe and banish the shadow of war there is a new hope in the world, for several more little boats could be cast adrift on the stormy seas of international life, every one with a good sane man in it. We must all wish Lord Runciman well.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aegean	E-gee-an
Caucasus	Kaw-cas-us
Clairvaux	Clair-voe
Dobruja	Doc-broo-jah
Eiger	I-ger

THE JEWS TO THE WORLD

A Moving Appeal

It has been made possible for the Jewish organisations in Germany to unite in a federation under the Chief Rabbi of Berlin.

The council of the new federation has issued a statement from which we take these words.

The gravest problems confront us. In a situation which has scarcely its like in the trying history of our people, we have tried, not without success, to keep at bay the threatening shadow of chaos.

We have replied to the deprivation of our means of existence with education and training, with preparation for removal to places of constructive work. We have created an inner order and decided on new methods of material and moral self-help.

The scope of our existence becomes ever narrower. The exclusion from professions and business throws the majority of the Jews in Germany into permanent unemployment. Our strength threatens to fail. But it is permissible to expect that which should be granted to us—the opening of frontiers to human beings in regulated immigration; an early plan for the establishment of emergency settlements for groups capable of work.

John Rennie's Foundation Stone

One of the most interesting stones now to be seen in London is the foundation stone of old Waterloo Bridge.

It has been found in the south abutment of the bridge, a block of granite six feet long with a lead plate giving the date of construction and details of what was then called the Strand Bridge.

There were found with it, in a glass vessel, gold, silver, and bronze coins of George the Third, from a farthing to a guinea, and apart from these there have been found a rifle and bayonet of a wartime soldier who was perhaps a deserter, an anti-aircraft shell, a pair of handcuffs, and the bowl of a pipe which may have belonged to one of Rennie's workmen. It has also been revealed that elm trunks were driven into the river bed to form foundations for the bridge.

Good News For Malta

Our Colonial Office has been subject to so much criticism recently (some of it, we fear, not unfounded), that it is gratifying to read of the promise of a new Constitution for the Maltese, who have been loyal subjects of the Crown since Napoleon's wars, that autocrat having seized the island from the Knights of St. John. It was the wish of the Maltese to come under the British flag rather than to return to their serf-like position under the knights or nobles.

A representative Constitution granted in 1921 was suspended in 1933 owing to internal friction arising from religious and language questions. The new Constitution will, it is announced, give the Maltese representatives in a Council, but no minister of religion may sit.

A Flare-Up in the Far East

The border incidents in which Russian soldiers and Japanese, or their puppets on the frontier of Manchuria (Manchukuo), have lately figured blazed out into something more serious last week, when fighting with artillery, tanks, and aircraft occurred at Chang-kufeng, 75 miles south of Vladivostok.

The losses on both sides ran into hundreds instead of ones and twos, and the respective Governments made angry protests to each other.

It is hoped that peaceful methods of deciding the line of the frontier will eventuate, for both Japan and Russia have more important work to do for the world than fighting, and a war between these countries would be certain to have its effects in Europe.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The children of Buckinghamshire can now have hot meals for 6d a head in secondary schools, and in the elementary schools for 2d.

Experiments are being made everywhere to find out the best road surface, and scientists at the Imperial Institute of Sugar Technology in India have formulated a process for making roads from sugar.

Oil has been found in New Zealand on the west coast of the south island.

A train running between Rome and Naples covers the 135 miles in 84 minutes.

Lady Baden-Powell has given 9131 pennies to the Scout Fund, a penny a day for all the years she has been connected with the movement.

Many treats are being given to London children, for the L.C.C. has had the wonderful idea of free concerts for them in the parks, with the added attraction of magicians.

A P.N.E.U. school at Nottingham has sent Lady Aberdeen £8 10s 6d for the Peace Pavilion for which the C.N. appealed the other day, the money having been raised by a sale in the playground.

We are told that four Australians have offered to sacrifice an eye to restore the sight of a blinded man in a Perth blind institution.

Workmen employed at the Abercraze and International Collieries, Breconshire, have decided to raise £2000 to keep the pits working.

What are thought to be the first gas-works to be built underground have been constructed at Gorlovka in Russia.

Suits are being made in New York from wood pulp, which is made into cellulose and then into rayon.

THINGS SEEN

A lorry backing across a pavement into four pedestrians.

A cat rescued alive after two days in a chimney in Derbyshire.

A hedge-sparrow feeding a baby cuckoo by alighting on its back.

Two mushrooms pushing their way through a concrete pavement in a garden at Headington, Oxford.

Eight inches of rain falling in 24 hours in the Lake Country.

Hollyhocks 13 feet high at Holloway Prison.

A pheasant's nest with 14 eggs close to a main road in Bridlington.

THINGS SAID

We must make force the instrument of a law which will be equal for all parties.

Sir Norman Angell

It would be a wiser world if nations would cease to make large guns and compete in growing the biggest onions.

Lord Baldwin

It is only for those nations that are nearer to the angels to cast any stones at us.

Professor Coupland of Oxford

The responsibility for the control of peoples in new continents should be "evened out."

Professor Ernest Barker

A playing field for every child.

Motto of the Five Million Club

My blindness has never made me unhappy for a second throughout my life.

A Danish blind girl at Aalborg

I would rather die than leave the country. A poor Jewess in Germany who loves her home in spite of all

Do not buy trapped rabbits.

The R.S.P.C.A.

During a walk of a hundred miles over Cheshire pathways I came across only one direction post. Founder of Liverpool Ramblers' Association

August 13, 1938

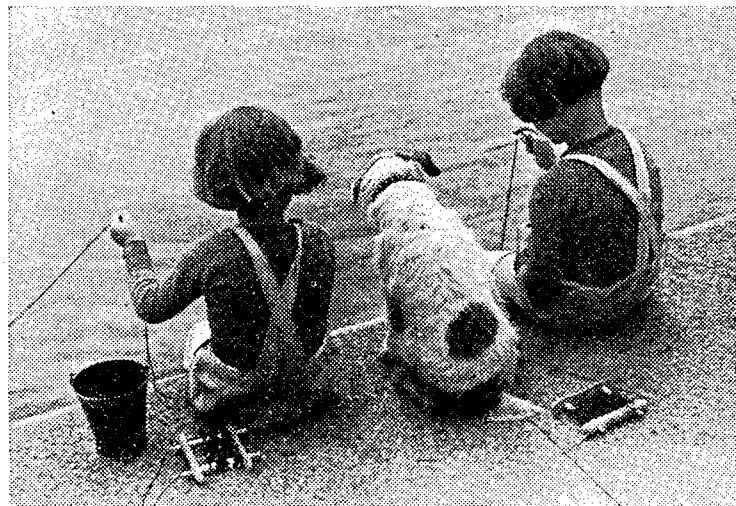
The Children's Newspaper

3

Holiday Pictures • London's New Reservoir • Forest-Fire Tower



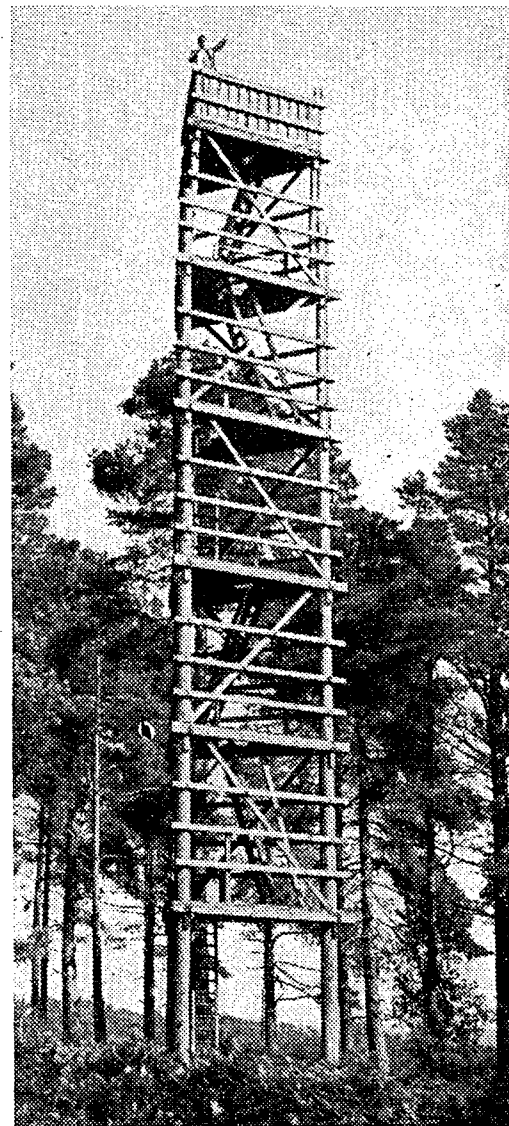
A Thames Lido — Using a buoy as a diving-board near London's Tower Bridge



Concentration—An amusing snapshot taken during a children's angling competition at Ramsgate. Fido had a definite interest in the catch



Cricket is King—A care-free batswoman in a holiday game at New Romney in Kent



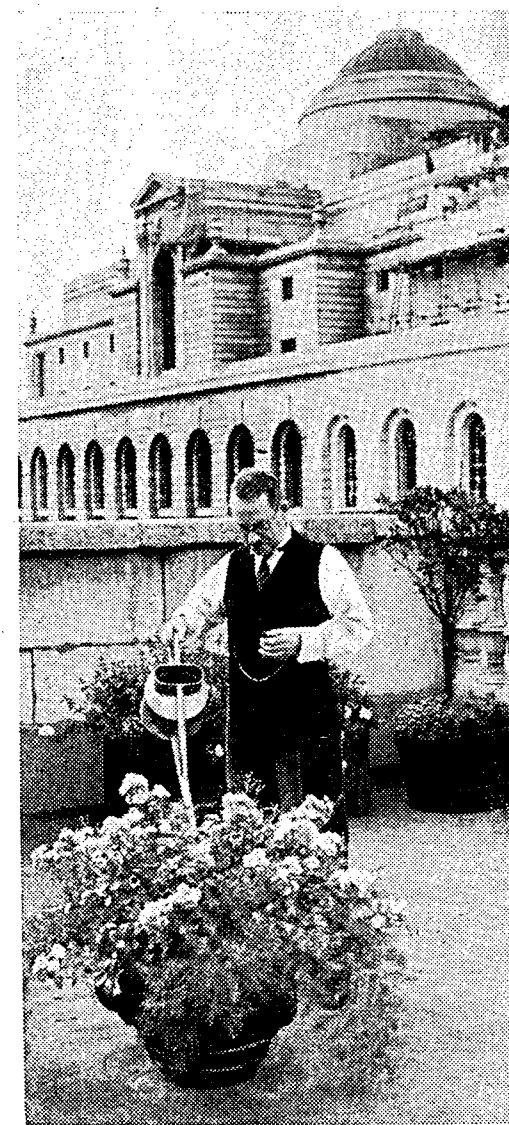
Forest Look-Out—From this tower near Ringwood in the New Forest a look-out is kept for forest fires



In the Alps—On the North Wall of the Eiger, which was recently scaled for the first time



New Reservoir—At work on a 374-acre reservoir at Staines. The apparatus on the left can excavate 250 cubic yards of material in an hour



City Roof Garden—London's Lord Mayor, Sir Harry Twyford, tending the flowers in his roof garden

THE MONUMENT OF A HEROIC SPIRIT

Story Behind a British Museum Collection

One more Streatfeild lies in Chiddingstone church, Sir Henry Streatfeild having been laid to rest in that lovely Kent village where his ancestors lie.

Of all the Streatfeilds who lie here the most famous is Thomas, who died in the year of revolution, 1848. For fifty years he dreamed of a colossal History of Kent. He got 300 subscribers for it, a support almost without parallel in those days. He had an artist always copying portraits, a wood-engraver always at his house. He examined thousands of documents. He prepared hundreds of copper plates and wood blocks. He was filled with enthusiasm to think how great his work could be. Then, on the very eve of launching "such a history of our county as posterity will be unwilling to forget," he was struck with paralysis and his half-century's work was done; his manuscripts are manuscripts still, the unfinished work of a great and noble life.

He died at Chart's Edge, Westerham, in a house he had built for himself, where for 26 years he wrote and built up collections of documents illustrating Kent. He had been a curate, a chaplain to a duke, and had written a tragedy in five acts; but when he died his heart was set on his great Kent book, for which he had made exquisite drawings of his own, spent £3000 on blocks, and prepared over 50 volumes of manuscript. They still lie in the British Museum, the monument of a heroic spirit.

Nil Desperandum

These are sad holidays for many young people, as for their friends and parents, at Halstead and Braintree in Essex, where a serious attack of infantile paralysis has developed.

The malady, resulting from a germ or a virus, is alarming in its immediate effects unless treated by a wise and skilful doctor, for it may temporarily paralyse the part of the body attacked.

But there is no need to despair. News comes from America that an athletic championship in the United States has just been won by a man who was badly stricken by the malady in early life, yet made a perfect recovery; and the whole destinies of that great nation are directed by a man who triumphs over the effects of this malady, for President Roosevelt was a victim, in manhood, of infantile paralysis.

A girl reader of the CN was badly attacked by the complaint when at school and completely lost the use of one of her arms. She was properly treated, and, helping by pluckily carrying out her daily exercises, she regained entire mastery of the affected limb, which, now that she is a married woman, she uses to toss and dandle her own delightful little daughter. It was dogged that did it, however.

En Londono

Esperanto is the pretty name of the universal language invented in 1887 by the Polish Dr Zamenhof.

It has an alphabet of 28 Roman letters. It is easy to learn, because the grammatical rules are few and have no exceptions. The roots are taken ready-made from existing languages, mainly those derived from Latin.

The 33rd Esperanto Conference has been held this summer in London (Londono) and thirty countries sent delegates. In Britain there are 264 Esperanto schools or classes, and the LCC has included an Esperanto course in its evening curriculum. On the Continent there is much greater progress.

All nouns end in O in Esperanto, and London becomes Londono.

The Royal Naturalists

I WONDER what the dear little Princesses are doing, multitudes of holidaying children will be saying as they think of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose enjoying themselves in Scotland after a lovely cruise the length of England in the royal yacht.

Of one thing we may be sure: they will be extending their knowledge as field naturalists. They are in a paradise of wild Nature, with deer, hares, rabbits, foxes, grouse, woodcock, ptarmigan, all within reach of Balmoral or other places that they may visit.

The Princesses are typically British in their love of Nature. Each has her own pony, each has made friends with all the amiable birds and animals at the Zoo; each has her own little garden, and Princess Margaret is such an expert grower of potatoes that we understand she is able to pass judgment on potatoes served at table.

They have learned their natural history, not only from what they read and are told, but by first-hand observa-

tion. If they choose they can add to their knowledge by inquiry of an illustrious great-great-aunt, Princess Beatrice, who (now 81 years old) can tell them of her first lessons in the subject, given when she was exactly Princess Margaret's age, by a man who was born before Trafalgar, and whose father furnished Napoleon with supplies.

That tutor was the immortal Sir Richard Owen, whom the little princess of that time had all to herself with his talk and his pictures for an entralling afternoon at Windsor Castle. She must have seen the extraordinary plan of the professor for displaying his pictures and diagrams; there being no other apparatus available, he brought into the drawing-room two huge clothes-horses and made them into an easel. At one of these lectures a famous dean exclaimed in boyish wonder, "Well, I had no idea that the frog was ever a tadpole or that a tadpole changed into a frog."

Our Princesses know all about such natural wonders, we may be sure.

Joan's Scottish Flag

THE proposal has been made that the Glasgow Exhibition would make a fitting setting for a day of festival commemorating the ancient friendship and alliances between France and Scotland when England was a common enemy.

That friendship dates back more than 700 years. Paris and Dieppe both had their Scotland Streets, Orleans its Street of the Scottish Sword. There were Scots colonies in various small French towns, while from 1327 onwards Paris had swarms of Scottish students at a college founded by a Scottish bishop.

When England had trouble on hand in Europe Scotland was relied on to make trouble for her at home, so that, by the time of Henry the Fifth, as Shakespeare reminds us, it had passed into a proverb:

*If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin.*

For very many years gallant Scots formed the bodyguard of French kings, and we have a glowing picture of the life of a group of them in Scott's novels.

It was at the behest of France that Scotland fought the battle of Flodden, at a cost of the lives of her king and the

flower of her nobility. Mary Stuart was Queen of France before she became Queen of Scots, and half the troubles of her grandson Charles Stuart arose from his marriage to Henrietta Maria, the daughter of the French king.

When Joan crowned Charles the Seventh King of France, Scotland was in Rheims Cathedral, with a banner made for her by a Scotsman. We have recently presented the cathedral with an exact copy of the banner she bore into the cathedral that day, a standard with the figure of Our Lord seated on a rainbow between angels. A document tells us that the banner was "painted by James Power of Tours, Scotchman, painter to the King."

One who loved and served Joan to the last was an old Scottish monk, who, having witnessed her martyrdom, returned to his native land to pass his closing years in the abbey at Dunfermline, where, at the bidding of his abbot, he wrote out the story of his adventures in the service of Joan.

The old manuscript has unhappily vanished; today it would be valued more than gold.

Frank Woolley and King's Boys

KING'S SCHOOL, Canterbury, the oldest school in England, is ranking itself among the most modern of all under the headmastership of Canon Shirley.

Now Kent's old school is to have Kent's great cricketer as its cricket coach, for Frank Woolley is to teach the boys of King's how to play the game.

It has been said that under Canon Shirley you can always tell a King's School boy, but you cannot tell him much about Frank Woolley. Every schoolboy in Kent knows him, and every schoolboy in England would like to model himself on this batsman who has made so many centuries and, though he has himself passed his half-century, can still show how they are best made.

There may be other centurions. There is, of course, Don Bradman; and we must not forget Fagg, also of Kent. But none can make his runs with more flashing grace or more leisurely ease than Frank Woolley, as he scores with an effortless sweep to leg or with the drive that goes first bounce against the pavilion palings.

Canon Shirley has left nothing undone to raise the school's status or to enlarge it mentally and materially, and this new step is one of his best. We remember that when the headmaster lately took over more of the precincts our good friend the Dean said that Canterbury Cathedral might soon become known as Shirley Temple.

The Unity of the Swiss People

A WELL-KNOWN Englishman who holds a degree in a Swiss University and lives and works in that delightful country has written to us pointing out that our article on the 14 Million Problems (the Germans Abroad) was capable of misinterpretation, a fault which we trust is rare in the CN.

He rightly points out that the 3,000,000 German-speaking subjects of the Swiss Republic would be indignant if they were considered as members of the German nation, just as the million French-speaking people in Switzerland, or the 600,000 Italian-speaking people there would be unwilling to acknowledge any connection politically with France

or Italy. All are Swiss, and are intensely proud of their unity, in spite of the mingling of races. They are indeed, a noble example to the world in these days.

So deeply opposed are the German-speaking Swiss to any idea of absorption into a Greater Germany, writes our correspondent from Switzerland, that they are in many cases reverting to the German dialect used by their ancestors, refusing to speak standard German.

Such a going back may appear curious, but we must not forget that it is the result of the narrow views, and frequently inaccurate views, of race and nationality preached by those holding sway in Germany today.

55 METALS IN A SHIP

Our Wizards of Railway, Air, and Sea

From the same slipway at Birkenhead whence came the mighty battleship Rodney, came the other day the splendid new Mauretania.

The old Mauretania was queen of the seas, on which she was long the fastest liner; the new one, smaller than the Queen Mary or the Queen Elizabeth that is to come, will not aim at record speeds, but has already one record to her credit. The biggest liner ever launched from an English yard, she was built in 14 months from the laying of the keel to her launching.

An Astounding Revolution

Her predecessor of the name, with her four funnels and 25 knots speed, displaced nearly 2300 tons less than the new Mauretania, which, with two huge funnels, is of 33,000 tons displacement. The newcomer (for which the Port of London will be the place at which she begins and ends her voyages) is not to vie with the ocean giants; she will be the world's twelfth biggest mercantile ship, and there will be six at sea capable of outsailing her, for she is not designed to race about the world. But nothing afloat will excel her in comfort and amenities.

Although the old Mauretania was three knots faster, the new vessel embodies improvements and devices that had not been dreamed of when the old champion left the yard 32 years ago.

Only the scientist, the man of whom we little think as we are borne about the world by sea and air and railway, knows what an astounding revolution is represented in the make-up of the wonderful machines that carry us by way of these three methods of locomotion.

Do we realise that the last 30 years or so have seen the invention and introduction into use of more new metals than were forthcoming throughout the whole previous history of man? As Sir Richard Gregory has pointed out, from about 4000 B.C. until the dawn of our century the industrial metals were copper, bronze, brass, iron, and steel.

Born in the Laboratory

The first of railway locomotives, Stephenson's Rocket, contained only iron and a small amount of brass; today our ocean liners and our giant locomotives on the express lines contain no fewer than 55 metals.

Wooden ships gave place to iron ships, and iron ships to steel; and, having had wooden aeroplanes, we now have machines in which the new metal alloys, born of the practical dreams of quiet men in obscure laboratories, take the place not only of wood but of steel too.

Of such wonders the new Mauretania has her abundant share, and could not be the lovely ship she is without them. She will do her work like some titanic swan, built to swim wide oceans in safety, comfort, and elegance.

An Officer and Gentleman

Having a few weeks ago seen types of uniforms for Army officers and men on active service, the King has inspected proposed new uniforms for officers on walking-out and ceremonial occasions.

Great Britain is the one country in Europe in which men do not care to parade warlike costume. Abroad we see uniforms everywhere on all occasions and at all hours. Not so here.

Our modest habit dates from the Duke of Wellington, who, mightiest warrior of his age, delighted to get into private clothes at the earliest possible moment when off duty. From him, says one authority, derives a practice peculiar to our nation, of regarding an Army officer as simply a gentleman engaged on a special public service.

21 YEARS AFTER

A few days ago Mr Robert Usher of Sunderland recognised a voice he had not heard for 21 years.

Blinded in an explosion while working as a prisoner in a German quarry during the war, Mr Usher was listening to a play in a Sunderland theatre when the voice of one of the actors struck him as being familiar. After the performance he got in touch with the actor and found, as he had expected, that he was speaking with Mr Stanley Radcliffe, who had been his fellow-prisoner in the Dolman prison camp in Germany.

FOR THIRSTY HORSES

The Scottish SPCA has received from Messrs A. and W. Douglas, Dalkeith, 20 stones of oatmeal for use in connection with the scheme for oatmeal drinks for thirsty horses. This gift will be used for the benefit of horses in the city of Edinburgh.

SHUFFLING TO SCHOOL

How many people know that there is a place in England where the people ski all the year round?

They do not ski on snow or even on sand, but on pebbles, for it is at Dungeness, Kent's Farthest South, where there is little save two lighthouses, a few shanties, and perhaps a ship passing by.

This long promontory is a dreary place, for stones greet the eye everywhere, and as it is hard to walk over them wearing ordinary footwear the people put flat boards on their shoes called "back-stays." These are home-made of fir, and are 18 inches by 12. Across this shingly waste children shuffle to school, mothers do their shopping, the milkman makes his rounds, and the vicar calls on one of the lighthouses, all wearing their flat boards.

THE BIGGEST TYRE

What is believed to be the biggest commercial lorry tyre has been made at Akron in Ohio. The tyre is about a foot higher than a man and over two feet wide. It weighs about 11 cwt and will carry a load of 11 tons.

THE POOR GULLS

A group of 14 schoolboys from Brighton and Hove are setting a splendid example this summer by patrolling the six miles of coast between Black Rock, Brighton, and Southwick looking for oil-covered seagulls. They are doing this in their spare time under the auspices of the RSPCA.

The boys hunt in pairs, one having a bicycle on which he can hurry with the distressed gulls to a chemist who can clean off the oil, if there is not too much of it; if there is too much the bird has to be destroyed. The gulls cannot swim or dive for food when their feathers are covered with oil and starve to death.

During the last three months the number of oiled birds washed up on the beaches has been abnormal.

WEEDS

A weed museum is to be established at the Somerset Farm Institute at Cannington. Every known weed will be grown there for all the world to identify, and if a farmer is having trouble with one of these pests a visit to the museum will give him valuable help as to how to get rid of them.

LITTLE ONE WHO COULD NOT GO

A teacher tells of a touching incident concerning a party of Yorkshire school-girls who not long ago went on an excursion to Scarborough.

One little friend, who had never seen salt water, was unable to go with the rest, but at her earnest request the others dipped a bottle in the waves and took it back to show her what the North Sea was like.

She was both astonished and disappointed. It looked like ordinary water to her, and she had been told by her friends that the colour of the Summer sea was a lovely blue.

Eggs Across the Earth

WE are coming closer and closer to Australia through the steady speeding-up of air services, and one of the curious results is that Australian poultry farmers can now greatly improve their stock.

Owing to the fact that fertile eggs do not travel well on long sea voyages it has been necessary in the past for Australian farmers to import live birds, a practice which was expensive and not always satisfactory.

Now eggs from prize English poultry stock are being sent out in increasing quantities as Australian breeders are taking advantage of the possibility of im-

porting hatching eggs from our country-side. Imperial Airways aircraft carry consignments of eggs to India, Ceylon, Malaya, Egypt, Australia, South Africa, and other countries, and during recent months another market has been opened up, for Siamese poultry farmers are making a serious attempt to improve the quality of their stock by importing eggs from England.

The importation in Australia is unusually successful. In addition to the egg cargoes being delivered 100 per cent intact, the percentage of successful hatching-out varies between 85 per cent and 100 per cent.

QUEEN MARY'S KEYS

When Queen Mary opened a new wing of the National Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System, she was presented with a paper knife.

Captain H. W. Styles, chairman of the hospital board, said that he knew Queen Mary had a host of gold keys belonging to buildings she had opened, but they are of no use, he said, "for there is no door in this Empire for which Your Majesty would ever need a key."

THE ANXIOUS BISHOP

Before presenting the prizes at Haversham School, near Kendal, the Bishop of Liverpool spoke to the boys about absent-mindedness.

He had missed his train, arriving by car at Kendal only a few minutes before the proceedings began, but he claimed that at any rate he had not blundered as badly as another bishop he knew.

So absent-minded was his friend that whenever he went away his secretary had to buy his ticket, pack his bag, and put him into a railway carriage to make sure that he was safely on his journey. On one occasion the bishop travelled a long way before a ticket collector asked for his ticket. "I'm sorry," said the bishop, "I can't find it anywhere."

"That's all right, sir," replied the collector. "You are well-known on this line. Don't worry."

"I'm afraid," moaned the bishop, "that I must worry. I have no idea where I am going."

DEAR MILK AND POTATOES

Late frosts and drought have sent up the cost of living by about four per cent.

This is mainly due to rises in the price of milk and potatoes. The new crop of potatoes is fetching very high figures. As compared with last year, it is costing the worker about 21s to buy what cost 20s in the summer of 1937.

AN OLD SALT

Once a sailor, always a sailor, it seems.

A week or two ago a Northern Command Tattoo was held near Leeds; the weather being about as bad as it could be. There was little wonder that the Sea Cadets who took part in the pageantry went home with uniforms sadly splashed with mud.

We have heard that soon after the Tattoo an old sailor who runs a laundry rang up a newspaper office in Leeds and asked for the address of an official in charge of the Cadets. "It's this way," he explained, "I know those lads will have gone home in suits that will take a good bit of cleaning, and I want to tell the official in charge that the lads can send the uniforms to me and I'll have them cleaned free."

SAVED BY THE SUN

We told the other day how a little boy was saved from drowning by the sun shining on his golden hair.

The sun did an equally good turn to three women who were lost for nearly a week in ice caverns in Western New Mexico not long ago. One of the exhausted women happened to be holding a mirror, which caught the sun's rays and flashed an SOS to troopers who were looking for them!

TWO BROTHERS

A pitiful story was told at an inquiry not long ago regarding the conditions under which two Ealing boys, aged 15 and 10, were compelled to live.

Their father had died and their mother was in hospital, yet the elder boy was determined to keep the home together until the mother returned.

He was earning £1 a week, and the home was a basement flat. He paid the rent and looked after his brother.

Kindly magistrates have now made arrangements for the boys to live in lodgings until their mother comes home.

THE DOG IN THE TUB

A dog which fell down a disused Australian mining shaft in Victoria not long ago was rescued in rather a unique way. A washing tub was lowered down the shaft and the little dog (which was not hurt though it had fallen 50 feet), leapt gaily into it and was brought to the surface to be greeted by its master, a rabbit trapper, who doubtless scolded it for having expected to find rabbits so far down.

THE PETROL-CAN MAIL

London Hospital has received a donation of £5 which was posted in a sealed petrol tin. The friend who sent it lives in the lonely Cocos Islands in the Straits Settlements, where mail boats call only about three times a year, though occasionally the Orient and P & O liners take pity on the lonely inhabitants and go out of their way to pass them, dropping provisions overboard and picking up a petrol tin full of mail, which is posted in Australia.

A STADIUM

Buenos Aires now boasts one of the finest Sports Stadiums in the world, opened recently by the President of the Argentine Republic. It will accommodate 120,000 spectators, and has tennis courts, swimming pools, basket-ball galleries, a children's playground, and a restaurant for 2000 people.

A CROCODILE FLIES

A Northern Territory Exhibition has been held in Melbourne Town Hall, of great interest to the people of Victoria.

Many rare wild specimens were on view, including a live crocodile brought from the North by plane to Adelaide, and on to Melbourne by rail.

Visitors to the Exhibition may also see the pearl-diving industry of the North-West Coast demonstrated in a tank.

The Postmaster-General's Department has an exhibit showing the history of the Overland Telegraph from Adelaide to Darwin, and the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research shows the tactics employed in the war against white ants, the Northern settler's most deadly foe. They have voracious appetites, and swarm down on districts in millions eating everything in their way. They will demolish the wooden foundations of a house in a few hours.

THE EYE IN THE SKY

We hear of excavations on an Iron Age site at Woodbury, where great use has been made of photographs taken from the air.

A great dark mark on the photograph has proved to be a number of pits, from which pottery has been recovered and one blue bead—all that is left of someone's vanity who lived in that Age.

It is interesting to know that, although many pits appear on the photograph, there are other pits on the site which do not appear. Workers at Woodbury are trying to find out the reason for this, and when they have, the technique of air photography will be better understood. Even now we know enough to be thankful for the Eye in the Sky.

END OF A SCHOOL

What is believed to be the smallest school in England and Wales is about to close. It has two rooms and three scholars and was opened 27 years ago by the Seaham parochial school at Seaton in County Durham.

THE HALF-INCH BEETLE

The Colorado Beetle is abroad in France, Belgium, Germany, Luxembourg, and Switzerland, and the Ministry of Agriculture is now demanding certificates declaring freedom from the insect for all imports of plants from these countries.

Those who grow potatoes, in however small patches, should at once report to the Ministry if they find a small yellow beetle, half-an-inch long, with black spots and stripes.

Kelpie in His Kennel



The hollow log of a gum tree makes an excellent kennel for this Australian Kelpie sheep-dog

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 13

1938

Let Them Sleep

APPEALS are being made to mothers to get their children to bed.

Children are unlikely to go of their own will, unless Mother rings the curfew, as we are told their grandmothers used to do in a sterner age, when little people were to be seen and not heard at most times, and were put to bed at six to remove them from temptation.

The Medical Officer for Kent is of that opinion still, and is sure that the only way to give children the amount of sleep they ought to have is to have a sort of time-table of bed for age.

Twelve hours sleep is not too much for children of five; nine hours is what all children want.

It is needful, though the child may be the last to discover it. A child has the restlessness of all young things, which springs from exuberant vitality. Who ever knew a child who wanted to stop playing to go to bed?

But all this vitality is using up their strength and their reserves; and what sleep is wanted for is to replenish them. As one of our foremost doctors said, in sleep the body does its repairs. It repairs the waste in the brain and the heart as well as in all the organs of the body.

Some people get their repairs done more quickly than others, like the Duke of Wellington (who never took more than six hours sleep), or John Wesley, who got up at four in the morning because he could sleep no longer, and would preach at that hour in a village of the Darent Valley, while wiser William Blake was fast asleep close by.

But John Wesley's way is not the children's way. They cannot get too much sleep, and may readily get less, because though they need it they do not always wish for it, owing to their natural restlessness. This restlessness is made much worse nowadays by the gramophone, the cinema, and the wireless. It is a restless age which has as many playthings indoors as out of doors.

Such disturbers of the peace, though they may be of the pleasantest kind, interfere with the quality of sleep which is in many ways as important as its quantity. The Kent Medical Officer finds that want of sleep often goes with under-nourishment, and both with feebler health in consequence.

But sleep, Nature's sweet restorer, is the first need for the children of an age of growing noise, restlessness, and nervousness. They want it to build up the strength to face a new world which may be harder than ours.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Stamp Books

THE Postmaster-General's 2s and 3s books of assorted stamps are exceedingly useful, but why not improve them?

The public is not yet sufficiently acquainted with Post Office facilities. Why not advertise them in these little books, clearing out the advertisements, which do little credit to a rich Government department.

It seems to us a pity for the Post Office to prefer not to advertise itself and to accept money from people offering to cure diseases. If a Government Department wishes to help the sick, could it not advise them to see a doctor?

More Cruelty?

THAT fine institution, the NSPCC, still unfortunately finds plenty of work to do. The report for last year shows a large increase in the number of cases, which reached 48,523, concerning 121,000 children! Some of the cases reported are incredible in their brutality.

It is not certain whether there is any real increase in cruelty, but one kind of case is certainly increasing; it is that little children are too often left alone in the evenings by parents who go out to amuse themselves.

The Great Indifferent

THOSE who are concerned by the growing indifference of the people to Parliament will have noticed with some concern the figures for a recent election.

There are over 70,000 electors in the constituency and three years ago 44,000 voted. At the election the other day the number of voters was only 28,000. That is to say, the number of people who did not vote in 1938 was about equal to the number who did vote in 1935.

Better Things To Do

WE see that the BBC has cancelled a talk on men's dress, and we may hope it was because men have much better things to do than listen to talks on dress.

Nurse

WE are not surprised by the report that senior secondary school girls are not attracted to a nursing career.

The splendid profession of nursing is too often marked by poor pay, long hours, and poor food.

The food is often poor and badly cooked. We have heard of nurses glad to buy fish to supplement their meals (as so many hotel servants, alas, have to do). It is for hospitals and other institutions to make nursing the attractive profession it ought to be.

More nurses are needed than can be drawn from secondary schools. The demand for nurses is increasing and ought to increase. No more suitable profession exists for a girl to choose, for it calls out all the splendid qualities of womanhood and it is high time for the nation to be proud of its nurses, and to show it.

Leave the Sky Alone

ENGLAND was at one time threatened by advertising firms with a sort of searchlight to throw coloured signs on the clouds!

This device seems to have failed, but unfortunately there is a growing use of planes to trail coloured designs and in other ways to make the day hideous.

It is astonishing that such outrages should be permitted, and it is good to know that Mr A. P. Herbert has introduced a Bill to prohibit such abuse of the sky, which is now almost the only thing we can enjoy without payment by day or night.

THE BROADCASTER

OVER 21 million books are now available through the Central Library.

By the end of this year half England will be on the automatic telephone.

JUST AN IDEA

Ought we not all to be thankful in these days that there is no equivalent in the English language for the word Vendetta?

Under the Editor's Table

A MAN says it was news to him that his wife could put a pane of glass in a window. Somebody broke it.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If athletes run into debt

A LADY L motorist complained that during her test the examiner got too excited. She drove him wild.

A SCHOOLBOY complains that uncles don't give tips nowadays. They are close relations.

THE end house in a certain road always remains empty. Let it.

A MOTORIST said a hill brought his car to the boil. Instead of to the top?

SOME people talk in platitudes. And some in theatres.

FOOTBALLERS are returning to work. They are sure to kick.

All For a Penny

By the Pilgrim

WE had stopped in a lane to write postcards. When we had written and addressed them we put stamps on all but one, intending to buy a stamp at the first post office we came to.

It was in a village of stone houses with thatched roofs. There were roses round the door of the post office and geraniums in the front garden. We went into the living-room, and found there a brass bedstead in one corner and a round table with an aspidistra in another.

The postmistress was making a cup of tea as we entered.

"Just one minute," said she, filling up the pot while we stood in the doorway. "I'm expecting Mr Roberts—he's the postman—and he does love a cup of tea. It's warm work cycling up the hill, and the wind's nearly always against him. He brings me the news every morning, but he'll be pensioned off in August, and I doubt I'll take badly to a new man. There's nothing like old friends when you're getting on a bit yourself, though I suppose I'm young when you think of Mrs Bruce, next door. She's 96, and looks after her own house, and keeps it all as clean as a new pin. She has two sons in New Zealand, or some such outlandish place; and doing very well they are, too. One of them writes home regularly every week. What was it you were wanting?"

"Just a penny stamp for this postcard," we said.

"Well, I dare say we can find one." She opened a book. "There now," she said, handing us the stamp with a gracious smile. "And I hope it's good news you're sending. There's plenty of the other sort."

We took our stamp and wished her a very Good-morning as we turned toward the door.

"Good-morning," said she, "and thank you."

It all happened in a very small village, but we came away wondering if there is a post office in all London where you can get so much for so small a sum as a penny.

The Wonderful Way of the West

Oh, the high noon, and the clear noon,
The noon with golden crest;
When the sky burns, and the sun turns
With his face to the way of the west!

How swiftly he rose in the dawn of
his strength;
How slowly he crept as the morning
wore by;
Ah, steep was the climbing that led
him at length
To the height of his throne in the blue
summer sky.

Oh, the long toil, and the slow toil,
The toil that may not rest
Till the sun looks down from his
journey's crown
To the wonderful way of the west!

Henry Van Dyke

GREEN FIELDS AND SILENT SKIES

Are They To Pass Away?

Air-minded is what those who guide the counsels of our people would have us all become.

The Air Minister, Sir Kingsley Wood, took the first authoritative step to make us so by his scheme for a Civil Air Guard, now open to all between the ages of 18 and 50.

The Air Guard is to be run in association with the 75 existing clubs for members who fly light aeroplanes. There will be more of such clubs, and each club will enrol outside members, who will assist at the private aerodromes and learn all about flying. They will pay only half-a-crown for membership, but will be required to put themselves, and their knowledge, at the service of the country in time of need.

Half-a-Crown an Hour

Belonging to aeroplane clubs, they will have the opportunity to learn how to fly. That may cost them as little as half-a-crown an hour on a very light aeroplane. If the C.N. knows anything of the young generation it is certain that they will crowd eagerly to join this new Corps of the Air.

Already recruits are flocking in, and the only limit to their numbers will be that arising from the difficulty of providing practical instructors for them, and, to put it as shortly as possible, of the opportunity to fly.

It seems as if, as soon as it seems practicable, Young Britain will become a nation of flyers. If they cannot get up in aeroplanes they will go up in sailplanes. The increasing number of gliding clubs points that way. So also did the number of Flying Fleas which a few years ago tried to rise in the air and were only kept down by authority, because if they went up they might have crashed.

There will always be crashes, and there will be many when aeroplanes begin to compete for the right of way. They will diminish as skill increases and machines become more fool-proof. But the prospects of air-mindedness are not wholly reassuring.

Like a Swarm of Locusts

Among such prospects is that of seeing the air filled with planes like a swarm of locusts. They will not bring the peace of the Lake Isle of Innisfree, with "Evening full of the linnet's wings," but a roar like that of many waters, warning those below that an aeroplane may crash down on them.

What does it all mean? The green fields of England are going; more and more difficult it is to rest our eyes on them. Now it seems that the perilous airways of the planes may shut out from our eyes the peaceful cloudscapes of the skies.

The green fields by day and the silence of the stars by night have been a blessing to mankind. Are they, too, now to be numbered among the things that must pass away?

Raleigh Eclipsed

We are all familiar with the story of Sir Walter Raleigh flinging down his cloak in the mud so that Queen Elizabeth might avoid a puddle, but the story of Borea is not so well known.

It was in 1767 that Captain Samuel Wallis reached Tahiti in the Dolphin, and no sooner was the anchor dropped than a native woman, Borea, went on board. She was as dignified as any queen, and, though she accepted the trinkets Captain Wallis had for her, she returned the compliment by inviting him and his crew to her thatched house.

There the Englishmen received native clothes in which they looked very fine, but as they were returning to the ship they came to a large puddle. Borea did not throw down her cloak for the captain to walk over. She picked him up and carried him to the other side.

NEW ORDER TO THE JAPANESE PEOPLE

They Must Not Wear Their Own Cotton

THE PRICE OF WAR

JAPAN has given up cotton. It is one of the most astonishing renunciations in the history of the world; and it has been made as a sacrifice to War.

All the world wears cotton, sometimes without knowing it, because cotton goods are not only shirtings which Lancashire exports to all the markets of the East as well as to Europe and South America, but sheetings, calicoes, book muslin, Nottingham lace, Bedford cord, blanket cloth, khaki, towelling, and worsted. In short, the world cannot get away from cotton, which follows it wherever it goes. Japan alone is going to do without it, at the word of command.

It is not that Japan is without cotton, or cotton goods. She grows a certain amount in Middle and West Japan, though never enough to clothe her own people, and till lately she used to import cotton from China (the oldest cotton-growing country), India, and the United States to the value of £8,000,000 a year. She made good use of it. She has always been quick to learn from the Western world. Once, years ago having commissioned a Thames shipbuilding yard to build her a torpedo-boat, she took the ship to pieces, took the plans, and never bought another, because she could then build her own.

Cheap Labour

So it has been with her cotton industry. She bought English machinery, studied in English mills, and employed English cotton operatives to show her how to make cotton goods for herself. Soon she improved on that. With her readiness to adopt whatever seemed good to her in Western industry, she built cotton mills which were the last word in modern improvement. She worked them with labour cheaper than any in Europe or America, because the workmen could live on what a British or American workman would throw away, and, beyond that, she equipped her mills and factories with every labour-saving device.

Great Britain and America in the beginning looked on with admiration at the way these clever little people imitated their methods; but there came a time when the imitation grew to be something more insidious than flattery. Japan began to produce cotton goods at a price the Westerners could not imitate.

Lancashire, which used to say that if every Chinese coolie could be persuaded to buy another cotton shirt a year the mills would make profits beyond their dreams, had a rude awakening. Japan was stealing Lancashire's markets, flooding China, Africa, and even England with cheap cotton goods.

Less than half of the products of the Japanese mills were used in Japan; more than half went abroad. Last year Japan bought £85,000,000 worth of raw cotton, but she exported nearly £60,000,000 worth of cotton goods and cotton yarn. Presumably she sold the balance of £25,000,000 worth of cotton goods at home.

Cotton for Guns

Now that £25,000,000 is not to be spent by the Japanese people; they are forbidden to wear their own cotton because the Japanese Government (much the same thing as the Japanese War Office) wants every yen it can get in foreign money to pay for guns and tanks and aeroplanes, and it must sell the cotton abroad in order to get foreign money for carrying on the war. *Cotton for guns before cotton for clothes.*

Other countries contributed more, and Japan must have more still if she is to carry on her export trade and have money to throw down the sink of war. The Japanese family will suffer most from their patriotic sacrifice, for they are great wearers of cotton goods. On the latest occasion when Japan had a war anniversary to celebrate the Japanese people were invited to make it a sort of flag day on which they would eat less and subscribe something to war charities.

The sacrifice of cotton goods will be worse than any such flag day to them. They are told that instead of cotton they must wear garments made of rayon, which, as we all know, is artificial silk made out of wood fibre. It recalls the promise made in the old Scottish song:

*Ye shall walk in silk attire
And siller hae to spare.*

But synthetic silk attire is a poor substitute for good cotton, and the siller the Japanese will have to spare must vanish in the smoke of the guns and the foul bombs they drop on women and children in China.

Sir Timi Kara

Among the many famous people in New Zealand's brief hundred years of recorded history there is none more interesting than Sir James Carroll, the first member of the Maori race to receive a knighthood, and the only Maori to have the distinction of holding the office of acting Prime Minister.

Twelve years after his death, which occurred in 1926, his memory has been perpetuated by the completion and dedication of a magnificent Maori meeting-house at the little town of Wairoa, on the East Coast of New Zealand. Here it was that little Timi Kara, to give him his Maori name, grew up as a barefooted boy in the Maori village. As a lad of 14 he took part in a six-month campaign with British forces against a hostile Maori leader.

Timi Kara became an interpreter, and then, fifty years ago (as a young man of thirty), he was elected to Parliament to represent the Eastern Maoris of his country. After six years as a Maori member he gained such a reputation as a debater that he was elected as representative of a white man's constituency. He became Minister of Native Affairs, and during the absence from New Zealand of the Prime Minister he was for a time Acting Premier.

Little Mother of Battersea

Babies and Little Mothers First should be Battersea Park's motto. There on two days of the week all the open spaces are full of them.

Sunday is the most crowded day because in the morning Little Mother brings the baby out, while the other mother is cooking the dinner, and in the afternoon the family comes in a troop to sit on the seats by the lake, or by the river walk to watch the boats go by.

But from now onwards every day will be a baby day because a day-nursery for the youngest children is set up by the Rosary Gate, where they may be sheltered and fed by the matron, while the little mothers are at school and the other mothers go out charing.

It is one more attraction in this park, which, though in one of the poorest parts of London, is rich in things to delight children of all ages. Near the Rosary Gate is an enclosure for young deer, and at the opposite corner of the park the Old English Garden, which Queen Mary went to see and admire the other day. In between is a sports ground, a boating lake, tennis courts and a bowling green, a gymnasium and a paddling pool; and best of all is the Thames, unchanging but always changeable, busy but serene.

IS IT NOTHING TO US?

The Boys in the Mines

Last year was a bad one for miners; no fewer than 859 were killed outright, as compared with 790 in 1936.

These figures are smaller than was the case before the Great War, the explanation being not that coal-mines are less dangerous but that less coal is raised. It is a grim thought that death and the quantity of work go together. The loss of so much trade in coal has added enormously to the unemployment but has saved many lives. Since 1920 half a million miners have left coal for ever. It is the most remarkable fact in our economic history.

Many of these men would be dead today if coal had remained prosperous.

The Secretary of the Mines Department faced the death question in Parliament squarely and said that the industry must be prepared for a drastic strengthening of precautions. This was cheered. He also dwelt on the loss of boys, who still go down the pits in large numbers. Last year 28 boys under 16 were killed, to say nothing of hundreds of cases of injury. One in five of the boys is injured in a year.

C.N. and Safety Clothes

Safety First classes for boys have increased. Of 78,000 boy miners about 14,000 are being taught, but it is not enough.

The C.N. was perhaps the first newspaper in this country to direct attention to the saving of life and limb accomplished abroad by providing safety clothes to miners. Now progress is being made here. Nearly 500,000 British miners have hard hats or helmets. Safety boots are being increasingly worn. Gloves and goggles are becoming popular, and shin-pads. It is not always easy to persuade a miner to wear a shin-pad; yet professional footballers do not despise them.

One M.P. has just told the House of Commons that he went down the pit when he was 12 and that the first accident so terrified him that he only went back because of poverty at home.

Is it nothing to us, all we who use coal, or gas or electricity made from coal?

Fewer Prisoners and Better Prisons

The Borstal system and the experiments with prisoners at Wakefield have proved so successful that the Home Office is taking steps to bring about a better system for all who deprive themselves of liberty by breaking the laws.

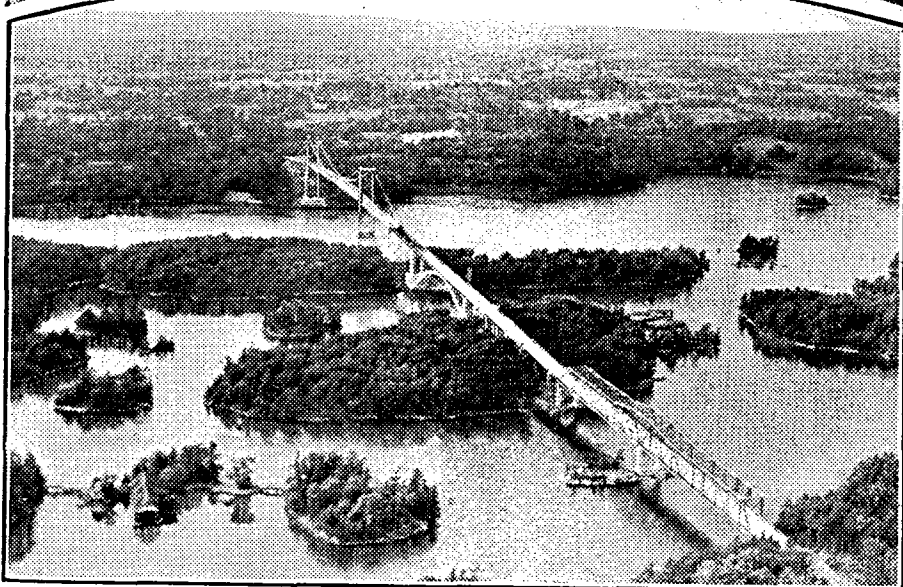
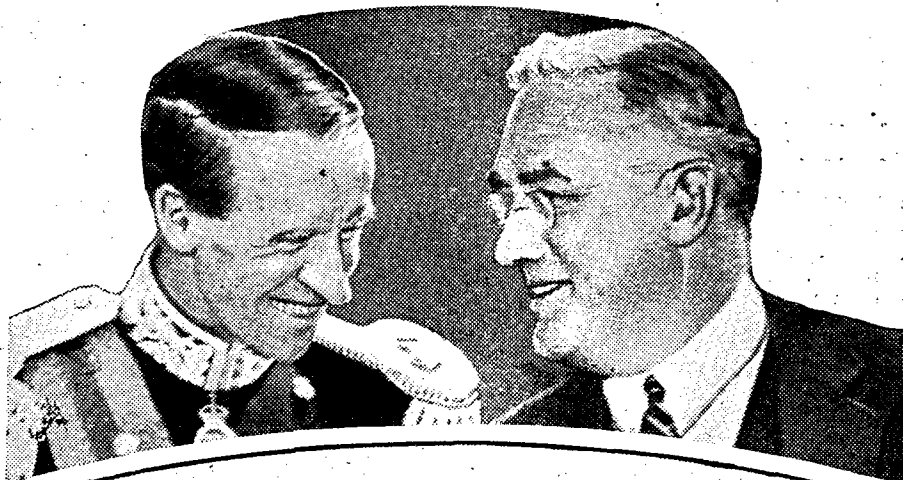
Not only are there fewer prisoners nowadays but prisons are better places.

A centre on the Wakefield model is now to be established in the south of England, and the women of Holloway Gaol are to be removed to a series of special houses in the country, where the younger members, at any rate, will be employed on interesting work in the open air and will also be encouraged by organised games to gain self-control.

Holloway Prison will thus be available for men at Pentonville, which will be pulled down and its site used for flats. Pentonville was built to house prisoners condemned to transportation a century ago, and when the evils of that system led to its abolition this prison was used for the solitary confinement of prisoners before they were drafted to such places as Portland and Dartmoor. With its individual cells it was regarded as a model prison, and was certainly an improvement on those of the 18th century.

But we have advanced another century in our knowledge of men and women and their motives, and the new principle is to let those of the same age associate in useful work, and to give young men and women every opportunity to become good citizens.

The Great Trek to Canada



Looking toward Canada along the bridge which is to link the United States and the Dominion; and, at the top, Lord Tweedsmuir and Mr Roosevelt in happy conversation

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is expected to meet Lord Tweedsmuir next week at Port Huron, Michigan, to join in dedicating a bridge between the United States and Canada.

Thus history comes full circle after 150 years. The President of those United States which separated from King George the Third in 1783 comes in 1938 to join hands with the representative of King George the Sixth and make another link with Great Britain's oldest Dominion.

Though the tale is seldom told now, this Old Dominion mainly originated from the United States. Before 1783 there was little future for Canada except as a French colony under the British Crown. General Wolfe had taken Quebec in 1759 and beaten the French on the Plains of Abraham, and thus in a single battle had added an empire to our flag. But the victory, though one of the most momentous in our history, seemed at that time almost as empty as the vast unexplored wilds of Canada. The only settled portion was that where the French colonists lived, and it seemed in those days that they were destined to predominate.

A Blessing in Disguise

Then came the misfortune of the loss of the Thirteen States of America by the muddling ineffectiveness of Lord North and the rest of King George the Third's ministers; but for Canada the misfortune was a blessing in disguise.

When the Thirteen States, led by George Washington, declared their independence there were many, up to that time British citizens, who

were far from giving the declaration their approval, and more who were fiercely opposed to separation from the Mother Country. The majority of these lived in the southern States, but at first even Washington did not desire complete separation.

In the War of Independence many of the American colonists fought on King George's side. These were the stalwarts of those who called themselves the United Empire Loyalists, but there were many who attached themselves to this party after the Declaration of Independence had sealed the separation between Britain and America. In the States at that time were about three million people, fewer than in Australia now, and it has been calculated that a third of them were far from being satisfied with Washington's policy.

The United Empire Loyalists

When the break was final a very large number of these people decided to shake the dust of the United States off their feet and find another home under the British flag.

They were strengthened in this resolve by the treatment they received from those of their fellow-citizens who were of another mind. The lot of the United Empire Loyalists after the Declaration of Independence was an unhappy one. Strange as it may appear, we may hear echoes of it today among those Americans who yearly visit us, especially those who seek to find the homes or birthplaces of their English forefathers. Some of them we have met, and have been astonished to find how proud they are of their descent from those old

United Empire Loyalists who suffered for their loyalty to England so many years ago.

They suffered many things. They were required to surrender their allegiance to the Motherland and its king, and if they would not, they might keep their liberty but not their property. They were afflicted with petty fines and special taxation even if they escaped confiscation. They appealed for help to Great Britain, but Lord North betrayed them, for, though under the terms of peace their confiscated property was to be returned, the conditions were not enforced and not kept.

The British Government made some amends for the betrayal by offering to take them under its wing if they would emigrate. They promised them transportation if they would make new homes for themselves in Nova Scotia or the province of Quebec, and set up a rather futile Commission for compensation.

To the Promised Land

The humbler elements of the unhappy Loyalists took advantage of the offer. About 200 families migrated to the West Indies, a few to Newfoundland, more to Canada. But by 1783 the trek had begun to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and King Edward Island. From New York State alone went 12,000, and 30,000 by the end of the year to the bare Promised Land. What a subject for the moving pictures that remarkable exodus would make! Only the brave, the resolute, the hardy went on it, encountering hunger and hardship and peril on the way, and finding a bare subsistence on their allotments when they reached them.

It was like a second journey of the Pilgrim Fathers. But it has also been compared in its effects to the expulsion of the Huguenots from France, because these courageous pioneers were men, and women too, in whom were all the qualities of resource, capability, and endurance that a new country needs. A Canadian poet has written of them:

*Not drooping like poor fugitives they came,
In exodus to our Canadian wilds,
But full of heart and hope, with heads erect,
And fearless eyes, victorious in defeat.*

Inexhaustible Determination

They flowed like a tide over Canada, joining the French colonists in Quebec and peopling Montreal and Niagara. The largest settlement was on the north shore of the St Lawrence and Lake Ontario. By slow degrees they acquired tools for building, and coarse cloth, given them by a paternal Government, for trousers. Their boots they made for themselves. They dwelt in tents till they could get axes for log-huts.

They had little money but an inexhaustible determination; and these were the men, the salt of America, who made a new land in its northern territory and gave us a new British Dominion. It is part of their story and their character that these 50,000 pilgrims within eight years of their arrival had obtained a Constitution for Upper Canada with their own elected parliament.

MAKING 1

ON a hillside in Kent a hundred and fifty acres till lately grew thistles, docks, and nettles. It had grown them for a dozen years.

A good farmer took over this depressed area and on his holding a hundred thousand cabbages are now getting ready for market.

This is a picture which might find others like it all over the land. A landowner noticed in Northumberland a farm he had not seen for two years. It had changed from a wilderness to a well-kept garden because a new tenant had come in, bringing with him some cattle and a bit of money, and, we suppose, a bit of enterprise. The farm next to it was still in the old condition, so that even a blind man could tell by the feeling under his foot which farm he was on.

Our Idle Acres

It is hardly necessary to do more than look out of a railway carriage window to see thousands of acres of England lying idle, and because they have nothing to do, spreading mischief in the form of weeds. If a question is asked about them the answer is generally that the cost of making them produce something is too high. They have not enough fertility of their own, and artificial fertilisers cost too much. They cannot afford to grow corn, or roots, or even hay.

This is an astonishing state of things in a country which has the best climate in the world for growing anything, and farmers who, in spite of all the ignorant things said about their backwardness or unwillingness to take



THE BEST OF ENGLAND'S FERTILE LAND

up new ideas, know more about their crops than anyone can teach them.

How, then, has it come about that they cannot make any but the best farms pay and abandon the second-class ones to the dock and the thistle? They might have to say something about the rising cost of agricultural labour. But farm machinery has reached a pitch of ingenuity and usefulness which makes the cost of farming operations lower than it was a century ago when the labourer was lucky to get eight shillings a week.

Something the farmer might say also about the higher cost of everything he has to buy, while the prices of everything he has to sell have fallen or are falling. Cattle—he cannot afford to keep them on his land because chilled beef from South America or the Antipodes has cut the price. The hopeful days of three acres and a cow have gone for good. Seven acres to a cow is a more common allowance for all England. But he is doing rather better with milk than he has done for years. As for his corn lands they are a gold mine only in war time. How can they be otherwise when the world supply is going up in spite of droughts and floods?

But what the farmer craves most is fertility. The Good Earth, bountiful as it is, wants refreshment, and for this needs the fertilisers it has been used to since the Stone Age men forsook hunting for the tillage of the soil. The substituted fertiliser, the artificial nitrates, are very well in their way. They are more than well, because they have made things grow

where nothing grew before, or where the hungry and thirsty earth stood in need of its natural nourishment.

But the artificial fertiliser, though a short cut to producing crops, is a stimulant rather than a proper food. At least one authority on agriculture expresses a suspicion that in the long run they pauperise the soil rather than enrich it. The immemorial foods of the soil are the decaying substances which mingle with it, supporting it with natural ammonia and other natural nitrogen products. With soil as with human beings it is the food it fancies that does it good, and the natural soil asks for its natural food. The chief of such foods is manure, where the food is prepared ready for the soil's digestion and assimilation.

Manure is diminishing with the disappearing horse and the less frequent cattle. Is there no substitute except the artificial nitrate?

Wealth in the Dust Bin

There is. It is at hand. You can see it in the horseless street when the motor dust-cart halts before the dust bins. Here is the organic food, not pleasant to the senses, but containing the ingredients of the nourishment the soil wants, the humus as Mother Nature makes it.

It wants some cooking, but there is plenty. This rubbish from the household kitchen amounts to about 14,000,000 tons a year. Sorted out, the sardine tins and tomato cans set aside for some other purpose and the residue crushed, this superfluous dirt is just what the soil can make

use of, especially if it is mixed with manure. An expert writing about the 14,000,000 tons of town refuse declares that if it could be supplied to the farmer at ten tons to the acre every fourth year it would help to manure about half our arable land.

The advantages of so using it would not be limited to immediate results though these may be looked for, but the fertility of the soil would be built up, as it can be only over a period of years, and better crops and fewer pests would be an annual reward. It is on the neglected lands that the pests, especially the wire worms, flourish and increase.

This question of disposing of, and of making good use of town rubbish is not a new one, especially in the pages of the C.N. Here it has been pointed out again and again that the organised collection of town and country refuse could be made immensely profitable. Instead of rubbish there would be money to burn. More than one big English town has proved the practicability of the idea, earning valuable yearly revenue from old scrap iron, or disused tins, or even from the products of the town's incinerators. Nottingham has done it for a generation. Birmingham makes £70,000 a year in this way. The London borough of Southwark has been turning out 20,000 tons of rubbish a year, and after paying all costs of collection and destruction and part of the carriage to farms, has been making a handsome profit.

These are good examples of what can be done. The pity is that there

are not more of them; and the fault is that what should be everybody's business is nobody's business. A Government is wanted to clean up the country's rubbish by ordering town and country to take it in hand.

There is a want of clear thinking on this subject. The Prime Minister discouraged reformers by saying that if we produced too much food at home the foreigners who now supply us with it would have less money to pay for our manufactures. Yet who could support the idea that any wealth produced from the land is waste?

A Lesson to be Learned

Wealth is wealth, whether it is in the form of Birmingham goods or in cabbages and potatoes, and waste is waste whether it is the consequence of idle factories or empty fields. On the other side of the Kent valley of which we spoke, allotments that used to grow vegetables have been threatened with destruction to make room for bungalows that nobody rents. Where is the wisdom in a policy like that, and where the wealth? At another place we have seen allotments abolished to make room for tennis courts and cricket pitches. There, as it seems to us, wealth is deliberately scrapped.

England can afford to take no opportunity to make the most complete use of the bounteous gifts of good land with which she is endowed. She is not a land of thrift, but she is a land of industry, and the sooner we learn that the best use must be made of what we have the better for us all.



A sight that is all too rare in England's green and pleasant land—stooking the harvest on the Berkshire Downs.

OUR ARMY OF PEACE

The Hore-Belisha Speedway

Every British soldier now carries a Field-Marshal's baton in his knapsack.

Mr Hore-Belisha, who made the Ministry of Transport alive, has applied his magic wand to the War Office and made the British Army a better career for youth. We believe it to be an Army of Peace; Mr Hore-Belisha is making it an Army of Democracy.

Tommy Atkins has now the opportunity of rising straightway from the ranks to become Mr Thomas Atkins holding a commission in His Majesty's Forces, an officer as well as a gentleman.

Any boy from a Council School now stands a reasonable chance of going by way of a Secondary School into Woolwich or Sandhurst, free of all charges on his parents. There, as engineer, artillery, or infantry officer, his career lies straight before him. It will not be a blind alley, but one with higher pay, swifter promotion, and a better pension scheme. He is made for life so long as he plays his part in making himself.

The Army our new War Minister puts before us is one where everything will be speeded up and the obsolete scrapped, both in guns and men. War was always a bad business, and it is so still—worse than ever. It is no longer a gentleman's war; it has become a businesslike business, and a beastly business at that.

But our great British Army is being built up to be a bulwark of peace, and no man believes it will be used except against aggression and for the sake of liberty. So long as we must have an army it is now to be a better army than ever before. There will be pay and work for all, and the chance of promotion from the bottom to the top, and that, as long as we need an army to keep the peace, is how we would have it be.

Competition Result

In Competition Number 58 the two neatest and correct lists were sent in by Derrick Glanfield, 22 Southey Avenue, Southey, Sheffield; and Dunella M. Neilson, 11 Laverockbank Terrace, Edinburgh. A prize of ten shillings has been awarded to each of these readers.

The 25 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

E. J. Batterham, Newton Abbot; Phyllis Bishop, Etchingham; Gwenneth Bollen, London, E 10; Jean Brackley, Hutton, near Brentwood; Alan R. Collins, Croydon; Kenneth S. Cooper, York; Alice Durbin, Dover; Arthur Evans, Maesycrugiau, Carmarthen; Jackson Gill, Frizington; Doreen Grimshaw, Halewood, near Liverpool; Mary Howarth, London, S W 11; Kathleen M. Hunter, Perth; Margaret Lavender, Darlington; Isabel McNicoll, Forfar; Awen Meredith, Abercynon; Clinton Mortlock, Yaxley; Alan Rabbich*, Rochdale; Irene Roberts, Clacton; Margaret Rose, Alloa; Stanley Shaw, Edinburgh; Alan Spicer, Chingford; Ivor Swanson, Plumstead; Margaret Tinker, Blackburn; David Want, Stockport; Monica Woolner, Bristol.

The correct answers were:

1 Candlestick, 2 Diver's Helmet, 3 Bed, 4 Oilcan, 5 Torch, 6 Loaf of Bread, 7 Scoop, 8 Crumb Brush, 9 Bagpipes, 10 Cycle Saddle, 11 Mantel Clock.

The prizewinner whose name is marked with an asterisk obtained a new reader and is awarded an extra half-a-crown.

The Time Limit

Mr Maurice L. Jacks, Director of Education at Oxford University, told this story on Speech Day at Caterham School:

A speaker apologised for the length of his oration and said in excuse that there was no clock in the hall.

"But, thank God, there's a calendar!" cried a member of his audience.

The Stowaways

The Zoo received the other day two new inmates who arrived as stowaways in a crate of bananas. They are a pair of chestnut-brown South American night-mice, about twice as big as a house mouse, and are very attractive.

The Dog That Mourned His Mistress

POETS and other great writers have left us many moving pictures of the unselfish fidelity of dogs true till death. Here is a true tale of a little London dog who was known to many.

His name was Nigger, the name of a dog which died the other day, having previously been reprieved after biting one man and condemned after biting a second. The earlier Nigger was a gentler creature, of whom a correspondent sends us this story.

Nigger's breed would have been hard to describe; he was small, black as coal, and had a coat which shone like satin; he had the activity of quicksilver and his heart was pure gold. Their family grown up and scattered about the world, his master and mistress made him their chief companion, declaring that he could almost speak to them, so highly was his intelligence developed.

The man having to leave early every morning to do his round with a horse and cart, Nigger would often stay at home to look after his mistress until later in the day, when, after gazing steadily in her face as if to explain his meaning, he would quit the house and go in search of her husband. He would cover miles in the pursuit, but he never failed to run his master down.

Some time ago Nigger's mistress suffered a grave illness necessitating her removal to hospital. Nigger mourned like a child who has lost its mother; and though he showed his old love for his

master so great was his grief that he could neither eat nor drink. His mistress returned from the hospital just in time to save him.

Recently her illness returned, and this time she took to her bed at home. The dog realised that she was seriously ill and his melancholy recurred. He would creep to her bedroom, lie down, and watch her with eyes full of suffering. Only by the exercise of gentle force could he be removed from the room, and at the first opportunity he was back again like a flash.

But from the day his mistress took to her bed Nigger could neither eat nor drink. He was in splendid condition, but an overmastering sorrow possessed his loyal heart. Not even the woman he so loved could induce him to take nourishment.

Day after day he lay in her room, a little black spectre of melancholy, incapable of even lapping up a mouthful of water. No human being could have watched over the invalid with more passionate pity and solicitude.

His grief was beyond remedy, for his mistress did not soon recover, and Nigger in his woe was reduced to a skeleton. So impossible was it to induce him to take food that his owners were at last compelled to send him to a veterinary surgeon to be put to sleep. There was not a particle of fat on his bones; he had starved himself to the very verge of death.

Andrew Carnegie's Miranda

*But you, O you!
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best....*—The Tempest

WHEN we read that Andrew Carnegie's granddaughter, Miss Louise Carnegie Miller, had been married from Skibo Castle, and we saw the bride's portrait in the newspapers, we wondered what grand old Andrew would have thought of it. Now we know.

We have been looking into Andrew Carnegie's life, written by himself, and on an early page is a portrait of him as a boy of sixteen. It is the image of his granddaughter of eighteen. She is smiling in her bridal array, and he is a serious lad, but they might be brother and sister.

He would have approved everything about the marriage ceremonies, for, though he had been poor, he had a taste for magnificence, or he would not have bought Skibo Castle and lived in it like a Highland laird. He would have approved the drive from the castle through fifteen miles of strings of flags

above the highway. He would have welcomed the 300 guests, and the simple rites of the Scottish Church in Dornoch Cathedral would have appealed to his Scottish heart.

Strange to say it would have brought back to him his own wedding. He was no longer a poor man then. He had been in turn messenger-boy in New York, telegraph operator on a newspaper and on a railroad while he made his way up. But when he married he was a rich man. Railroads, huge buildings, oil, and steel had made him, and true to his Scots tradition he chose as a wife Miss Louise Whitfield of New York, who could help him in his career.

In America he made his vast fortune, but he brought his bride to Dunfermline, and if any should be curious to know how this grave, hard-headed man thought of the woman he loved and married, they may learn it from the lines Ferdinand spoke about Miranda in The Tempest, which Andrew Carnegie quotes in his autobiography.

Laugh With Eddie Cantor

A SLIM little man got up at a luncheon in Glasgow, and in half an hour raised £10,000 for forlorn Jewish children.

In a fortnight he has raised £100,000 in this country for them; he must think ours a wonderful land, and we think him a wonderful man.

He is Eddie Cantor, surely the only Hollywood star who never travels without his wife and children. He has five of them, which is why he has such boundless sympathy and such eloquence to spare for the Jewish children who have been victims of the Nazi purge.

There is another reason why Eddie Cantor has a soft spot in his heart for the poor, the helpless, the hungry, and the oppressed. He knows all about it, for he was born in a tenement house on the East Side of New York, which is much the same as the poorer parts of London's East End; and he was the son of Russian Jews who died before he was three years old, leaving him to a tired, hard-working, old grandmother to bring up.

She did what she could, and the sad small boy, who pushed his way through poverty, beginning by selling newspapers when he was twelve, became the bright-eyed little man who could make the world laugh.

The world pays for laughter, and Eddie has provided that, as anyone who has seen him on the films will bear witness, and has been so successful at it because he is always ready himself to laugh.

He made a lot of money at it, and nine years ago lost it all. What did he say? "When the depression came I had a million dollars, a house, three cars, and four daughters. Now all I've got left is five daughters and a new five-years contract."

But his most delightful performance up to date has been that of raising £10,000 in Glasgow at the rate of £333 a minute, and ten times that in a fortnight. That gets something better than a laugh—the smile that is tipped with pity and love and understanding.

MUCH CRY AND MUCH WOOL

Australia's Surplus GERMANY MAKES 100,000 TONS

There is a great truth about trade between countries which is too often lost sight of. It is this:

If a nation will not buy, that nation cannot sell.

It is the reluctance or inability of nations to buy which is making it so difficult for them to export, for they can only export goods if they import goods.

Australia is finding this out, and we have much cry, not about a little wool, but about much wool. Australia has much wool to sell, but many nations wanting wool find it impossible to buy wool from Australia because Australia does not import sufficient goods from them.

Artificial Clothing

There is a Council of International Wool Publicity whose object it is to help wool-producing nations to sell their wool. Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa are its members. They have been to Germany and are much impressed by the progress made there in producing artificial wool from wood. Naturally they want Germany to buy natural wool, but Germany points out that she lacks the exchange with which to buy and must defend herself.

As much as 100,000 tons of artificial wool are now made in Germany from timber! It is mixed with real wool to make a cloth which cannot be as good as all-wool material.

Germany also points out to the Council that she is threatened with the withdrawal of all materials in war and must make herself as independent as possible.

Consequently, between exchange difficulties and war fears, trade is diminished. So the wool producers vainly seek a market for all their fine output.

To Marjorie Wilson



This memorial to Marjorie Wilson, the C N Town Girl, has been unveiled in her father's church at Blaxhall, where she lies.

The sculpture is by Miss D. Rope, and represents a young woman to whom two children have come for comfort, an angel standing behind with a cross and a scroll on which are the words, "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God."

The service of dedication was taken by Marjorie's father, who is Rector of Blaxhall, and who, in a short address, said that the memorial is intended to symbolise the spirit of love which Marjorie radiated to all among whom she dwelt, especially to children—a love that came back to her with interest.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN MEXICO

Sufferings of Her People

From a Correspondent in Mexico City

Mexico has broken off relations with Great Britain, whom she accuses of interfering in her internal affairs, but Mexico's government and people are realising already that to tamper with the basic laws of economics can only bring harmful consequences.

The confiscation of the foreign petroleum companies of Mexico, the expropriation of a score of the biggest foreign-owned cotton plantations, the seizure and division of private sisal estates and of the railways owned by foreigners, as well as many other similar acts, were all undertaken to improve the conditions of Mexico's working classes, and of the nation at large, but they have had the opposite effect.

Mexico now has a huge foreign debt, her petroleum exports have almost vanished, her exchange trade has dwindled sadly, her currency has depreciated, her cost of living has risen, her production has dropped in quantity and quality, the Government revenues have been alarmingly reduced, and Mexico has no means or prospects of paying her vast debt or any substantial portion of it.

Likewise, her credit abroad has quite gone, because she has defaulted so often in settling her debts that people now regard this as a regular habit.

But, because of false pride, Mexico's authorities will not admit their grave errors or change their policies.

Therefore we may witness a lengthy period of acute sufferings for the Mexican people before sheer pressure of circumstances obliges the Government to make various radical changes.

Telephones While You Wait

Another step towards making us a nation of telephone users is being taken by the P.M.G.

Besides the ordinary automatic telephone exchanges, of which two are springing up where one was before, a number of movable exchanges are to be scattered about the countryside.

They are to be housed in a sort of closed car, proof against the weather, and mounted on trailers. Then, as was said of the Royal Engineers, they will be ready to go anywhere and do anything. If the regular telephone exchange serving two or more scattered villages breaks down for any unforeseen reason, the movable exchange can be sent for to tide over the interval.

Or, again, if in a country district where there is no exchange, but where there are enough people ready to become telephone subscribers, the movable exchange will bridge another kind of gap.

The time is clearly coming when nobody will have any excuse for not calling on the telephone. In the movable car it will almost call on them.

Travelling in the Far-off Days

The Science Museum at South Kensington has now a whole gallery of old horse-drawn carriages for us to see.

There is the pony bathchair in which Queen Victoria drove about Balmoral, and there is a touch of romance about a sedan chair daintily decorated; a sleigh and nine carriages come from the Royal mews, and from Ireland comes a jaunty car.

Memories of gallant rescues in the Alps are brought to mind by a St Bernard dog cart, and a Bulgarian travelling carriage, called a baritza, is one of the other interesting exhibits.

Half England Visited

REMARKABLE PROGRESS OF THE NEW DOMESDAY BOOK

This autumn will see the completion of half the country in the King's England books now being written or edited by the Editor of the C.N. and we give this summary of the chorus of welcome which has greeted the appearance of the volumes. Surrey, Notts, and Gloucestershire are the three new volumes.

Sheer delight from cover to cover.

Yorkshire Observer

There is a sort of light shining all through it.

Mrs J. A. Spender

The panorama of our island home is flashed before us with a fascination which is irresistible.

Church of England Newspaper

A tremendous, heroic enterprise. "Enchanted Land" is a sort of triumphant overture, master-key to the treasure house unlocked room by room in the succeeding volumes.

Birmingham Gazette

The King's England Series will become a classic work of reference.

Nottingham Journal

An engrossing survey of the country. Another Domesday Book is being written, an up-to-date chronicle of 10,000 towns and villages, a fascinating new record of the English heritage.

Daily Mail

After the chattering urbanity of most literary pilgrims through England, the earnestness of Mr Mee and his corps comes as a welcome relief.

John o' London's Weekly

Congratulations must go to all concerned in this tremendous endeavour, a panorama of England of outstanding importance and usefulness. Romance is the only word to apply to Mr Mee's eager narrative of the building up and marching on of a nation; here is the romance of England.

Sunday Times

A unique picture of Derbyshire from end to end.

Buxton Herald

No better book on Kent has been written, and it is impossible to believe ever will be written, than Arthur Mee's.

The Star

Who before has captured the spirit of Kent in such penetrating style?

Kent Messenger

The sort of ecstatic inventory Macaulay loved to take. Time and Tide

John Gould and the Birds

SPRING in Australia this year (when Autumn comes to us) has a special interest for bird lovers, for it is the centenary of the arrival in Australia of the greatest of bird students, John Gould.

The occasion will be celebrated in Sydney and Melbourne by the Gould League of Birdlovers, which has a membership of nearly half a million in three States; and in London by the unveiling of a plaque on the walls of the Headquarters of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

John Gould was born in 1804, son of a gardener in Dorset. His father became a foreman gardener at Windsor Castle, and when John was 14 he helped his father with his work, soon becoming a gardener himself at Ripley Castle in Yorkshire. When he was quite small he was intensely interested in birds and had learnt to stuff them, this knowledge being a great help to him when he became taxidermist at the Zoo. A year after he went there he married Miss Coxen, who drew very skilfully and was a wonderful companion to him always. Very soon he began his first folio illustrated work, the Century of Himalayan Birds, which was the first accurately illustrated work on foreign bird life.

Nothing worth knowing of Sussex is left out—far away the best book on Sussex I have seen. Brighton Standard

"Warwickshire" gave me more pleasure to read than any other work which I have of a similar character, and that is no light praise, for at my elbow stands a bookcase nearly full of Warwickshire books.

Coventry Standard

For those unfortunate people destined never to see "the end of England" Arthur Mee has created a dream country so powerfully redolent of the spirit of Cornwall that every reader may close the book saying with truth, "I know and love Cornwall." Royal Cornwall Gazette

If it could be made a textbook for schools it would be one of the best ways imaginable of inculcating in children a love and knowledge of their native counties.

Penrith Observer

Fascinating.

Daily Herald on the London volume

No descriptive writer can excel Mr Mee in putting much into little, and certainly this book does offer a wider range than most of those on the Lakes.

The Scotsman

Never was a guidebook more worth the money; such thoroughness and conciseness are rare. South London Press

The book is a miracle of compression and editorial contrivance, and no phase of London's activities or achievements seems to have escaped attention. Altogether an admirable summary of London.

The Observer

Bound to bring home to many the realisation of how much they have yet to see just beyond their doorstep.

Nottingham Guardian

This lovely and compelling book; as a busy writer I know of no book on Lancashire that can compare with it.

Western Telegraph

Does far more for Lancashire than the combined outpourings of other writers who have toured in our districts have ever done. A gripping, glowing, glamorous book is this. Cotton Factory Times

THE INDOMITABLE HIGHWAY

Where There's a Will There's a Way

Once again the old saying, Where there's a will there's a way, is coming true, this time in Canada.

For a quarter of a century the 85,000 people who live in what is known as the Peace River District have been asking for a railway. They are tired of asking. What they need more than anything else in the world is a link with the broad Pacific so that they may send their produce to the ports there and find a market for what they have to sell. Year after year they have pleaded for a railway, but their appeals have fallen on deaf ears. Now they have begun building a road to the sea.

In the south Pacific is the Road of Loving Hearts built by lovers of R. L. S.; and soon there will be to the north Pacific what we might well call an Indomitable Highway, 130 miles long, for the men of Peace River are determined to carry their road to the coast.

Roadmen and Bridge Builders

Before the great task was begun a year ago there were countless meetings everywhere in the area to be served by this new highway. Ranchers and farmers over 60 laughed at the idea of the hard work involved, declaring themselves ready to handle pick and shovel. Funds were raised and the trail begun. By the end of last August 60 miles of road had been cut from Rio Grande to Stony Lake, and today the road has reached the neighbourhood of Hansard in British Columbia. There is still a long length of road to pioneer and a big bridge to build, but the roadmen of Peace River have told the Government of British Columbia that, given an engineer and a supervisor and the necessary steelwork, they themselves will build the bridge.

The road, eight feet wide, is going on, and one day most of the grain produced in the Peace River District will travel along this Indomitable Highway.

The Great Musician

It was on August 12, 1838 (100 years ago this week) that Sir Joseph Barnby was born.

York is proud to own him as a son, and England may well remember him, for he was one of the greatest musicians of his age. His father was an organist, and six of his brothers sang in York Minster. But little Joseph excelled them all. At 16 he entered the Royal Academy of Music as a student; and narrowly missed winning the Mendelssohn Scholarship, being beaten on a few points by the genius the world afterwards knew as Sir Arthur Sullivan.

After being organist at Mitcham church, Joseph Barnby returned to York, where he was a teacher of music for four years. He left York for London, where his fame steadily increased, and from 1871 to 1886 he was organist at St Anne's in Soho, where he made a stir by his magnificent playing.

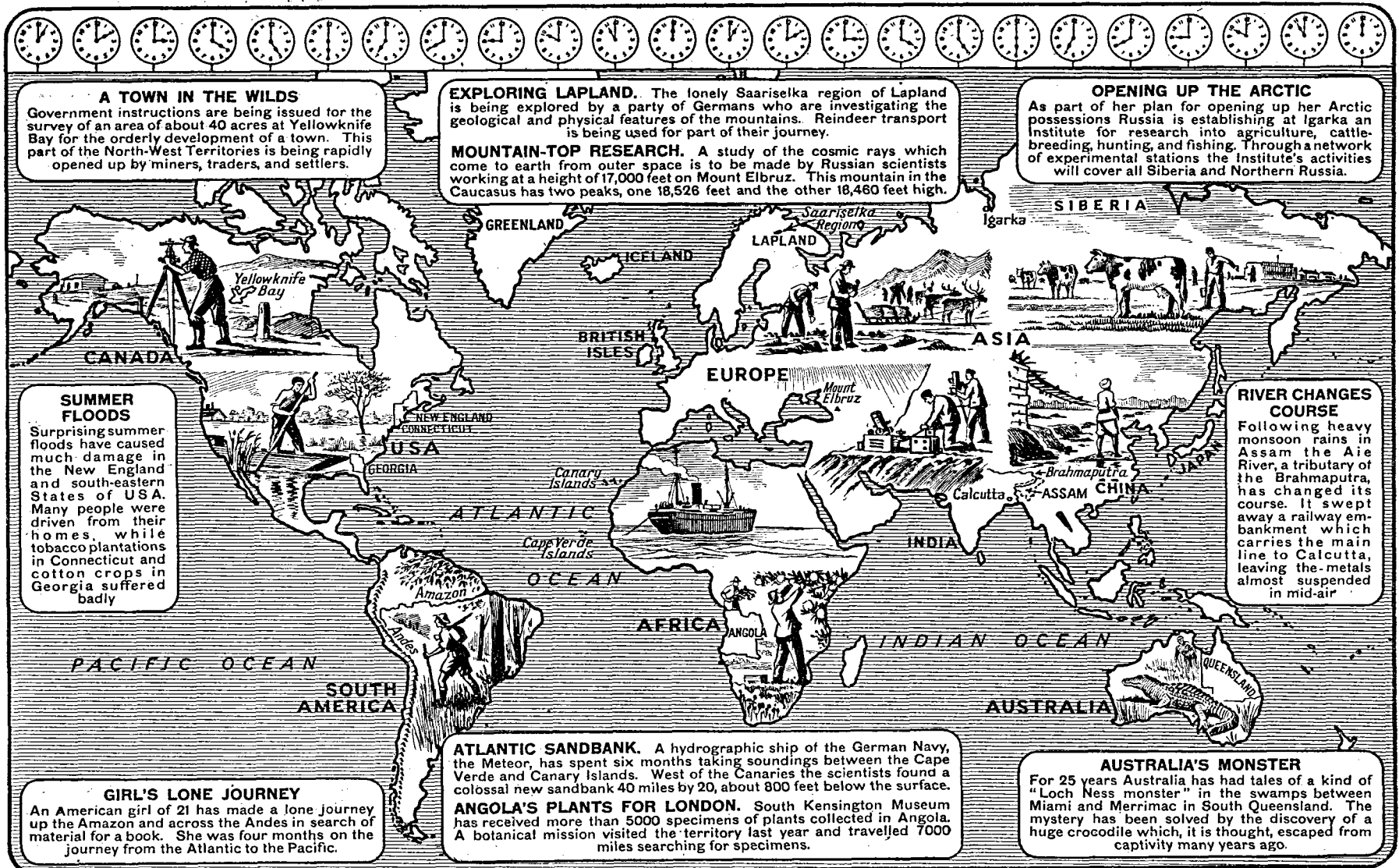
He composed 46 anthems, many of them sung to this day. He left us 13 carols, 19 songs, a series of Eton songs, and 32 four-part songs, among them the music of Tennyson's Sweet and Low. His hymn tunes are still sung.

The Tenth City

The final results of the latest census taken by Buenos Aires have just been published, give the population of the city as 2,415,142.

This represents a growth of 32 per cent during the last ten years, and shows that Buenos Aires is now the third largest city in the American continent, the tenth city in the world, and the only city south of the Equator with more than 2,000,000 people.

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



BLIND FATHER, DUMB CHILD

The Throat Microphone

A strange invention has been perfected for the military airmen of the United States.

Round his neck the pilot wears a collar in which is a microphone which is kept in contact with his larynx and vocal organs. It has no mouthpiece, but as he speaks the vibrations of his throat are transmitted as wireless waves by the microphone and, having been picked up by receivers on the ground or in other planes, these are converted into speech.

Here then, apparently, is a mechanical and more certain development of an experiment successfully carried out by hand in very pathetic circumstances.

Queen Elizabeth of Rumania, whom the world knew as Carmen Sylva the poet, had at her court two of the saddest people in the world. One was a blind nobleman, the other was his dumb daughter, and between the two there was no communication except by the aid of other people.

The Queen's mother took the girl and taught her to speak by anticipating this American throat-microphone. When speaking the princess held the girl's hand to her throat, so that the girl felt the movement of her teacher's vocal muscles as sounds and words were produced. The girl imitated the exercise with her own throat and learned to "hear" by touch. Then she learned to speak by reproducing in her own throat the movements in those of the princess, and so a blind father was able to converse with his loving daughter, dumb no more.

Experiments which may revolutionise the aeroplane world are being carried out in America, where test planes are being made from moulds; this secret process makes entire machines of plastics.

Recent Progress With British Oil

Prospecting for oil is making headway, if on a small scale.

Some 90 licences have now been issued to prospectors, and they cover nearly 13 square miles of land. All the licence holders are experienced people; 14 test wells have been drilled and 6 more drillings are under way. From one well at Dalkeith in Midlothian a yield of nearly 1000 gallons of good oil a day is now being obtained from a depth of about 1750 feet.

It is one of the curiosities of raw materials that the British Empire, although it covers a fourth of the land surface of the globe, has so little oil.

Drilling for oil is not a difficult business. A tower or derrick, 50 to 100 feet high, is built to support the drilling machinery. The drilling may reach a depth of 5000 feet in some cases. The drilled hole is lined with steel tubes and the natural pressure on the oil brings it to the surface, if it is in any abundance; if not, pumping is done.

The Jew in Australia

We recently directed attention to the fact that Jews were turning their thoughts to Australia as increasingly they were persecuted in Europe.

It is now reported that some 4000 German and Austrian Jews are seeking admission to the Commonwealth, and that many more desire to become Australian citizens.

The flood of applications seems to have disturbed the Australian authorities, but the Commonwealth is so empty that we hope room may be found for many more Jews.

The question is a very serious one. If Jews are driven from some lands and barred by others, what is to become of them?

Little Land With Plenty of Room

To house all the 40 million people of England and Wales comfortably in charming garden cities would need only 4300 square miles of land; yet much more space is now wasted to make ugly, uncomfortable, sprawling towns.

How much land has England and Wales? Every child knows that it is just over 58,000 square miles. It is clear, therefore, that all the people of England and Wales could be made comfortable in healthy conditions in a very small part of this area, if they had the enterprise and knowledge and means to do the necessary work; and they can readily obtain the means by insisting on national planning under expert advisers.

There is nothing difficult about it. The really difficult things, such as building a Navy or an Air Force, are taken in hand. It is the simple things that are neglected.

Diplomacy

There are many ways of asking for what you want. Some people do it with bombs, some appoint a Commission, some send Notes. But at six years old Ann Elizabeth has found a better way.

She brought to Daddy's knee her ancient Teddy Bear, with hands and feet patched, and with a missing eye and ear.

"Poor Sally!" says her owner. "Isn't it sad; she has cried one eye out—and do you know why?"

"No, I don't."

"Because she has no mother."

"Aren't you her mother?"

"Oh, no, Daddy! I'm not a bear. But isn't it funny, there's a bear just like Sally, only bigger, in the toyshop. She could easily be Sally's mother."

She is. Fathers are so weak.

ARMIES OUT OF WORK

Lest We Forget

Mr Eden does a national service in reminding us that, even in the summer, we have 1,800,000 unemployed.

He puts it that a national effort is called for. It is a good thing that a public man who has been engrossed in foreign affairs should not forget the condition of our own people. Let us set out a few of the facts which caused Mr Eden to make his appeal.

In the cotton trade there are 408,580 insured against loss of work, and of these 49,759 are unemployed. A cotton army out of work.

In the woollen and worsted trade there are 223,360 persons insured, and of these 16,066 are unemployed. A wool army out of work.

In coal there are 868,360 insured. Of these 86,035 are unemployed. A coal army out of work.

In engineering there are 613,910 insured, and of these 33,249 are unemployed. An engineering army out of work.

Mr Downer and His Descendants

At Harvard University in America next year will be a young Englishman, Mr H. R. Downer, who will no doubt be rather surprised to find himself there.

When studying at a German university he met a Harvard undergraduate who was struck by the name Downer. It appears that in the 17th century a Wiltshire man named Downer emigrated to America, where he endowed a scholarship at Harvard, the conditions being that applicants must be kinsmen, bear his name, and be pure Anglo-Saxon.

That is how Mr Downer comes to be going to an American university.

OUR COURSE THROUGH SPACE

The Celestial Avenue Along Which We Travel

By the C N Astronomer

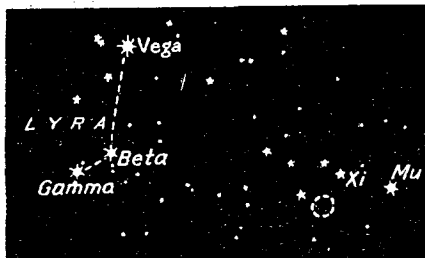
If we glance above us on any of these starlit evenings, say between 9 and 10 o'clock, we shall be looking through a long, long vista of stars lining the celestial road along which we, on our little Earth, together with our Sun and all his planets are speeding. The exact position is indicated by the broken circle on the star-map near Xi and Mu on the eastern borders of Hercules. But the position of this "Avenue that leads to Eternity," which is technically known as the *solar apex*, is more easily located by means of the constellation of Lyra and the brilliant star Vega, which will be nearly overhead.

This glittering highway through the Heavens, along which we are all racing with a speed at least 25 times faster than a shot from a gun, or about 12 miles a second, is a road that literally has no end; we can see it extending, on and on, until it is lost in an infinite beyond.

The Pull of the Moon

Our world, no matter how long it exists, will never come back to the same place in Space again, any more than it will in Time. With our localised ideas of things we are apt to regard our Earth as spinning round once a day, and so we adapt our lives to a daily routine that comes back to the beginning of another spin with almost boring regularity, so that we seem to be just where we were yesterday, except for minor variations. Yet in those 24 hours we in England have been carried about 15,300 miles round. In the same 24 hours the Earth has carried us in another and ever-changing direction about 1,500,000 miles on the way of our annual excursion round the Sun. While we have been thus whirled one way and carried bodily another, the Moon has also been pulling our world out of her direct course. Every fortnight, first to one side and then the other, she pulls the Earth to the extent of 2880 miles away from her true path.

Now matters are still further complicated by the fact that our world, together with the Moon and all the planets, planetoids, comets, and meteors, has to accompany the Sun as he whirls through the Heavens along this interminable road which we can now see above us in the evening. Consequently the actual course of the Earth is spiral.



The chief stars surrounding the Sun's path through Space, the present direction being shown by the broken circle

So while our world is thus speeding spirally onward we are leaving one section of the Heavens behind and, like the past, they are ever closing up, the stars, like receding hedgerows, appearing gradually to come nearer together. Ahead, however, the Heavens appear to open out as the Solar System advances along its precisely defined path, which curves away far, far ahead to infinity, and from which neither the Sun nor any of his planets can deviate in the least.

Thus on through illimitable space we whirl with our Sun and at least a thousand-million other suns, all moving along yet another and infinitely vaster celestial road, one with a width of at least 150,000 light-years and a length extending to Eternity. G. F. M.

THIS WOULD SAVE MANY LIVES

Motorists and First Aid

It is one of the common faults of the average man to imagine that what happens to hundreds of thousands of others is not likely to happen to him.

This is only too well illustrated by the motorist, who commonly ignores the fact that death or accident visits some 250,000 motorists in the course of a single year. *One motorist in every eight comes to grief in some way every year.*

Dr Gilbert Burnet, of the National Fire Brigade Association, who has a wide knowledge of accidents, suggests that every motorist should carry a warm rug and a first-aid kit.

Many deaths occur every year because bleeding is not staunched or shock not prevented by preserving bodily warmth. Everyone, old or young, should understand this. A person may be seriously injured, but not fatally, if no vital organ is hurt, yet he may die from shock through inattention. Often alcohol is ignorantly given by passers-by.

Police and First Aid

The police save many lives on the roads. Dr Burnet remarks that the police are mostly St John Ambulance men, and that they stand the strain of accidents with a coolness worthy of their reputation. Almost every member of the force can give first-aid, control bleeding, handle a broken limb, guard against shock, and defend the victim against the frequent offer of alcohol.

If breathing fails, the police officer can usually carry out artificial respiration and keep the victim alive until the ambulance comes, but the police have little equipment useful for first aid.

The value of carbon-dioxide as a resuscitating agent is now known. As the cause of death in road accidents is so frequently respiratory failure, it is hoped that the day is not far off when a pocket supply of this gas will be available within a few moments of every accident, either carried by the motorist or by the police.

It would be excellent if First Aid were made a school subject.

In a Library

This incident occurred in a Yorkshire village library the other evening.

The librarian was putting back the books left and arranging the shelves just before leaving when he noticed a village boy about 13, looking round as if he wanted a book to take home.

What sort of book do you want? he was asked. A Stevenson, a Ballantyne?

"No," the boy answered. "I would like you to let me have the paper you have got in your overcoat." The librarian reached for his coat, took out the new C N, and the boy went home satisfied.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of August 1913

A Merry Parliament. There has been a meeting of the American Senate which will not be recorded in the official annals of that Parliament. After the real Senators had gone home the other day a group of frolicsome boys, engaged as pages about the Senate House, entered the august chamber to hold a little parliament of their own. Their meeting lasted only five minutes, but in that time the youthful statesmen passed several Bills, the most important of which was one raising the salaries of page-boys to £100 a week.

Then the Serjeant-at-Arms came under discussion. He is the all-powerful official in the American Parliament and is feared by all sky-larking page-boys. The boys had just brought in a Bill to fit a motor-car silencer to this official's dreaded voice when the Serjeant himself appeared in the doorway of the chamber. Never did a session of Parliament end more abruptly.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

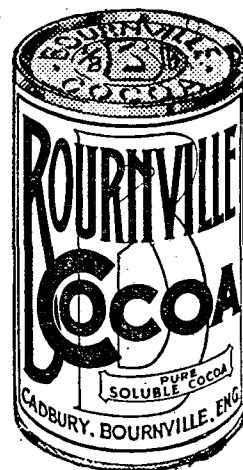


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'I drink to your destruction!' cried Cortes with savage glee, and drained the foaming beaker. He little thought that the cocoa he then drank would win greater fame than his conquest of Mexico. For cocoa, the national drink of the ancient Aztecs of Mexico, was in 1519 still unknown to Europe. But it has since become the favourite drink of thousands of children.

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COCOA

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ON SECRET SERVICE • By John Mowbray

The Three Anglers

CHAPTER 3

Anxiety

Two candles might hardly have served for Duke-Garnish's task unless he had known, and only too well, that for which he was searching. So here and there he hunted in feverish anxiety, while Ricout kept guard over Hanson, who was coming round painfully.

A few minutes sufficed to show that the hut had been rifled, with a hurried attempt to straighten it up again afterwards.

Grey-faced and trembling, Duke-Garnish stole to his friend.

"It's gone!" he breathed, his mouth to the other man's ear.

"Are you sure?" whispered Ricout, with dry lips.

"I'm dead sure."

"Then he's taken it," Ricout returned. "He'll have it upon him. Quick! Turn his pockets out, while I hold him."

They shook their captive savagely into attention.

"Listen, you hound," snapped Ricout. "Have you been prying about in this hut?"

"Why should I?" murmured Hanson, his vitality beginning to flow back.

"We must search you."

"Then carry on!" he responded.

Having searched him thoroughly but found nothing upon him, of consequence, they demanded what he had been doing down by the river and for what reason he had pretended to go off to London. This brought back his fluttering smile before he replied. Then he said, "I'm afraid you must wait. It's rather too late to start discussions just now. Moreover, you have left me in no condition for talking. Shall we call it a day, and defer explanations till tomorrow?"

He was showing himself so extraordinarily cool and collected that Duke-Garnish would have flown at the man in his fury had not Ricout thrust himself between them.

"No, leave this to me, Duke," he uttered, with a warning look. Then to Hanson, "It's a good thing for you, Mr Hanson, that we didn't find a skeleton key upon you or the window open in the hut when we came. So we haven't any evidence that you broke in."

"Poor fellow!" drawled Ricout.

But he failed to make Ricout lose control of himself, as possibly he was trying to do all the time. Instead, in a tone cold as steel, Ricout said, "All right, Mr Hanson. We shall truss you up and lock you in here for the night, and in the morning, after resuming our little discussion, we'll decide whether or no to hand you over to the police."

"Then I'll bid you good-night. Pleasant dreams," was the mocking rejoinder.

He offered no resistance while they secured him, but suggested that they should leave him as comfortable as possible; and when they had tied him up and were locking the door upon him he called out his provoking Good-night again. Then darkness succeeded, and through it the two men trudged back, in much mental darkness as well and in most troubled questioning. Was Hanson only a common thief after all?

"For if so there mayn't be much harm done," Ricout observed.

"No harm done!" broke out Duke-Garnish. "I tell you it's gone!"

"I heard you," Ricout retorted. "But if you'd had your way, Duke, you'd have lost your temper and let out to Hanson just what we suspected him of taking. I stopped you from disclosing that. Now think again, man! Are you sure you didn't leave it in the inn?"

"Of course I'm sure. Didn't you and I agree, Ricout, that anyone—chambermaids, anyone—can pry round one's room in an inn?"

"Yes," said Ricout.

"And didn't you agree, on the other hand, that no one would dream of poking and prying round a hut used by anglers?"

"Yes," said Ricout.

"So didn't you and I decide," snarled Duke-Garnish, "that the hut was the safest place for it? Did we or didn't we?"

"Yes," said Ricout, rather wearily, for the third time.

"So I put it away in the hut, as we had agreed."

"Oh, confound your 'agreements'!" sighed Ricout. "But we'll find it," he said, his voice hardening. "We'll get it back all right, Duke, never you fear. It was too dark for a proper search just now. But

tomorrow, as soon as it is light, we'll investigate thoroughly.

"And if it isn't there we shall have to make Hanson talk."

"Oh, we'll make him talk all right!" echoed Ricout, with venomous emphasis, as they regained the inn as secretly as they had left it and, stealing through a side door which they'd left on the latch, went in stockinged feet and on tiptoe up to their beds.

Their cunning design for the morning was all cut and dried.

CHAPTER 4

Revelation

It was black as pitch in the hut. The prisoner had been endeavouring to free his hands, but without success, so securely were his limbs lashed, so, giving it up, he was trying to compel sleep, when there came a stealthy scratching at the window, and next the sharp splintering of glass.

His eyes could not pierce the darkness, but his ears told him instantly that someone had dropped to the floor of the hut through the window.

"Who's there?" he called out. Then winced and shut his eyes, for a torch was exploring and its beam had shone full on his face.

The beam was deflected, as a rustic voice answered, "It's me, zurr!"

Mr Hanson opened his eyes to find Durham beside him.

For a moment he imagined he must be dreaming. He had dropped off to sleep and was dreaming this. But the impression could not persist when he felt the lad freeing his hands and then placing a thermos flask into them. "Hot coffee, zurr. It'll restore you."

"Have you matches?" said Hanson.

The lad nodded.

"Then you'll find a couple of candles somewhere about. You'd better light them, to help us along better."

Though Hanson was speaking quite normally he felt staggered and mystified. This lad, this yokel, whatever was he doing here? What happy chance had brought him along to the rescue? This slow-witted, lumbering bumpkin transformed at a stroke into an individual as active as a cat and full of resource. What magic had been at work?

And now the last lashing was cut and Hanson was free. Taking one of the candles,

he raised it to his deliverer's face, while upon his own grew a speculative expression. He studied the lad in silence more and more thoughtfully; and then at last he drew the palm of his hand three times along the nape of his neck, like a person who may be gingerly rubbing his neck.

And while so doing Hanson kept his gaze on the lad. Then followed a queer thing.

For without a word the lad repeated the action on his own neck.

It was the sign whereby under extreme necessity Secret Service agents might disclose themselves one to another.

Whereupon Hanson's tension relaxed. "So we're both in the same game," he uttered.

"I had guessed as much, but only just now," the lad owned, his rustic accent and manner gone like the mists. "I couldn't make you out before, Mr Hanson. I couldn't place you. I was thinking that you must be in with those traitors."

"Oh, naturally! But how did you happen to place me tonight?"

"When you broke into the hut," replied David Renwick, "then stole out again and tossed your skeleton key into the water. I felt then that you might be possibly on Secret Service. But I couldn't risk coming along to release you and settle my doubts before making sure that Duke-Garnish and Ricout had gone to their beds."

"You were watching me!" Hanson ejaculated.

"Ever since yesterday morning," David acknowledged. "From the moment I spotted you darting away from your fishing to get the luncheon basket and sink it in the river."

"You were there!"

"Yes. In hiding. All the morning until Duke-Garnish and Ricout went away to lunch, then I cleared off myself. But, as I said just now, I couldn't make you out, Mr Hanson; and that's why I shadowed you tonight when you shammed to be going to the station. And, rather expecting a night watch, I brought along some hot coffee."

"Very lucky for me!"

"Yes," said David. "But I wish you'd tell me your reason for sinking their luncheon basket?"

Hanson smiled at him. "That was my little ruse," he explained, "to get Duke-Garnish and Ricout away to the inn for their lunch."

"In order to give yourself time for a shot at the hut?"

"Exactly. But I couldn't find anything. So I decided to search it again tonight."

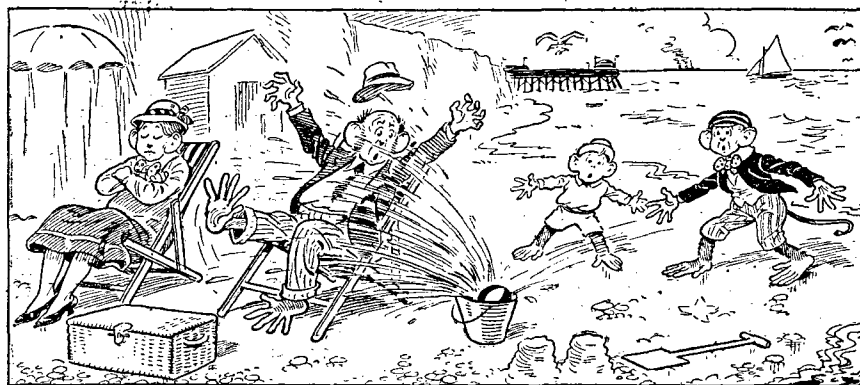
THE JACKOS AT THE SEASIDE

THE Jacko Family were off to the seaside for their holiday. Jacko was wildly excited, and was dashing about in an attempt to do what he called his packing.

"Has anyone seen my beach ball?" he called.

"Gracious me!" said Mother Jacko.

"Was there ever such a boy for losing his things?"



"You young scamp!" roared Father Jacko

At last they were ready to start.

On the journey Jacko had his face glued to the dirty window pane of the railway carriage.

"Look, baby!" he cried at last. "The sea!"

Baby crowed delightedly.

The next morning showed signs of being a "scorcher," and Mother Jacko thought it would be a good idea to take a picnic lunch on the beach.

When they arrived on the sands Mother and Father Jacko settled them-

selves down in deck-chairs, Father Jacko to read his paper, and Mother Jacko to do a little sewing. Baby was contentedly making sandpies, his bucket filled with water beside him.

The sun was blazing down, and presently the grown-ups shut their eyes and dropped off to sleep.

Jacko sat gazing out to sea for a few minutes, and then caught sight of his

beach ball. He motioned to Baby that he wanted a game. Baby jumped up obediently, and soon they were throwing the ball from one to the other. They were having great fun, and all went well until Jacko missed a catch, and—*Splash!*

The ball landed in Baby's bucket, which was lying close by. Out shot the water, drenching Father Jacko from top to toe.

He awoke with a tremendous start.

"You young scamp!" he roared. "You just wait till I get you home."

"Had you searched their rooms at the inn?"

"Be sure that I had!"

"And their suitcases?"

"Of course! It was only then, when I had become desperate, that the idea of this hut as a hiding-place flashed upon me." Next, after contemplating David again, Hanson said, "Of course, you know what the Chief suspects those two men of being up to?"

"Yes," said David.

"What is it?"

"Oh, you want to check up on me, do you?" said David. "That's quite all right, Mr Hanson. One can't be too careful in our job. Well, I know that the Chief has reason to believe that Duke-Garnish is by no means as rich as people imagine, having been very heavily hit in a recent big speculation."

Hanson nodded. "Go on," he bade.

"And I know," said David, "that the Chief has begun to suspect that, in order to recoup himself to some extent, Duke-Garnish has entered into relations with a certain foreign country to sell them British State secrets. And I think that Ricout, an old hand at that work, is helping him."

"And why, according to the Chief's idea, did Duke-Garnish rent this fishing?"

"Because Lord Vellum happens to be the Foreign Secretary, and Duke-Garnish hopes to worm himself into his confidence."

"Yes. The Chief suspects Duke-Garnish of trying to establish intimate terms with Lord Vellum, and then, with his reputation as a millionaire and all the rest of it, he hopes to glean useful hints of Britain's forthcoming policy. Whatever your name, is, lad—and I mustn't ask that—you know as much as I do."

"And I know that the Chief has no evidence to proceed upon."

"Yes. We've got to find that code first which Duke-Garnish and Ricout are carrying, as we believe, in order to communicate with their employers. Find that, and we've got the evidence which will convict them."

"Oh, their code—yes," said David, but with a manner so casual that Hanson stared angrily.

"Well, where can it be?" he went on.

"You and I must work together to find it. But isn't it just like the Chief," he added, and smiled again, "to have two strings to his bow for this ticklish job. He never let out to me that he'd sent you down here."

"Nor to me about you," rejoined David.

"He fixed me up in that village to pass myself off as a rustic, but he didn't say a word about anyone else being on the job."

"The Chief's thorough," said Hanson.

"I fancy his reason was this: that, realising what a dangerous enemy a man like Duke-Garnish might prove, he resolved to slip two of us on to him, each working independently. Oh, he's thorough, the Chief is! He wangled that invitation for me to join their party by taking care that it should reach Duke-Garnish's ears at the club what an old hand I am with a rod."

"But suppose the first man he'd invited, instead of you, hadn't dropped out?"

"The Chief took care of that," replied Hanson, laughing. "A Mr Arkwright had agreed to take the third rod. The Chief knows him well. And a wink is as good as a nod."

Then Hanson jumped up, about to start searching once more. "You and I," he remarked, as he did so, "have to join forces. For we've got to find that code. Where is it? Where is it?"

Then at last arrived David's famed grin. "Where is it?" he echoed. "Well, Mr Hanson, for the last fifteen hours or so it has been in the Chief's hands in London."

Hanson stopped still, gaping. "You've found it! You've found it!" he cried.

"Yes, at seven o'clock this morning, if you count tonight as today still. It was in the hut where Duke-Garnish had hidden it the night before, as I'd guessed. Like you, I'd a key for their padlock, so I left all ship-shape again, and at eight o'clock I sealed the code up and gave it into the charge of the guard of the train to London, and then I wired to the Chief to have the train met."

"So that's why you didn't show up this morning," said Hanson, as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment.

"No. You forget. I told you I was hiding around all the morning. You see, I had to keep my eye on the three of you. And now if you're fit we'd better be moving," said David. "We needn't worry about the Fisherman's Rest. The Chief wouldn't gather them in until their code had been vetted, but that would be finished last night; so I reckon our clever friends Duke-Garnish and Ricout will find some unwelcome visitors when they get up."

He proved a true prophet.

THE END

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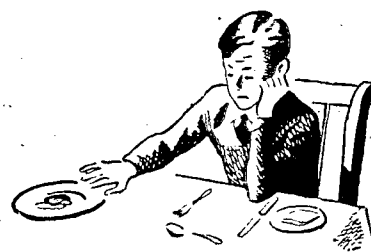
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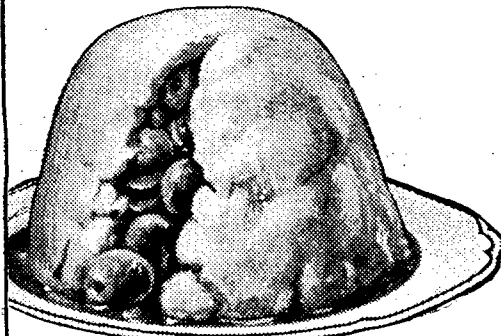


Wise Grandma said: "The way to do it Is pudding with Atora suet."



Soon Billy grew a bonny lad—
Top of the school and pride of Dad.

"Atora" puddings solve the difficult problem of the children who dislike fat. The doctor will tell you that "Atora" is beef fat in its most digestible form, rich in the vitamins so necessary for youthful development. So don't worry about the children's dislikes, but give them what they *do* like—plenty of delicious puddings made with "Atora" containing all the nourishment they need.



Send a postcard to-day for a post free copy of 100 best pudding, etc., Recipes, to HUGON & Co., Ltd., Manchester, 11.

N.56a

Hugon's
ATORA
THE GOOD BEEF SUET

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 13, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

How Old Are They?

PEGGY's father said to her the other day:

"I was twice as old as you are. The day that you were born; You will be just what I was then When fourteen years are gone."

How old are Peggy and her father now? *Answer next week*

What Happened on Your Birthday

- Aug. 14. Henry Cary died . 1844
15. Sir Walter Scott born . 1771
16. Wenceslaus, German king, died 1419
17. Cromwell defeated Scots at Battle of Preston . 1648
18. Andrew Marvell died . 1678
19. James Nasmyth born . 1808
20. Bernard of Clairvaux died 1153

Asking Too Much

THE town-dwellers were showing their country cousins over their luxurious flat.

"They must ask you a lot for the rent of this place," remarked one of the visitors.

"I'm afraid they do; last quarter they asked at least a dozen times."

A Punctuation Rhyme

THIS is a comma; here I stay
While counting one upon my way.

; A semi-colon next I view;
Here I must stop and count one, two.

: A colon next I plainly see,
And stop to count just one, two, three.

. A period now, which means still more;
I stop to count one, two, three, four.

Ici on Parle Français



La balle

Le rivage

Le Seau

Jacko joue à la balle sur le rivage. Elle tombe avec un grand fracas dans le seau de Bébé.

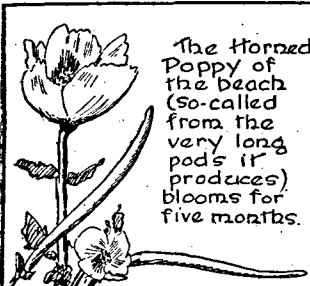
Jacko is playing ball on the seashore. It falls with a big splash in Baby's pail.

The Choice Flower

A COUNTRY nurseryman introduced a simple little flower which he advertised as the *Rhodum sidus*. The name proved particularly attractive and resulted in a big business.

One day a botanist who was shown the new flower by an admiring lady friend noticed that it was nothing more than an ordinary familiar weed. He wrote and asked the nurseryman where he had

In the Countryside Now



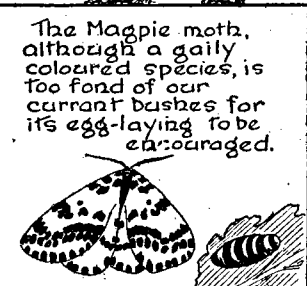
The Horned Poppy of the beach (so-called from the very long pods it produces) blooms for five months.



The Red Grouse is the only bird we can claim as all-British, for it is the only species found in no other land.



Watch by the streamside for the lovely, harmless Dragon flies, dashing to and fro in their search for other flies.



The Magpie moth, although a gaily coloured species, is too fond of our currant bushes for its egg-laying to be encouraged.

Mother's Work

I WISH I had a dozen pairs
Of hands this very minute;
I'd soon put all my work to rights,
Nor stay long to begin it.

Hidden Planets

A PLANET is concealed in each of the following sentences:

A poilu ran us very close.
Suddenly Tessa turned very pale.

Bad penmanship will mar some excellent essays.

Seven used to be our bedtime. *Answer next week*

While You Wait



I AM in such a hurry,
I'm in a dreadful state.
So, if it's not much worry,
Please mend them while I wait.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

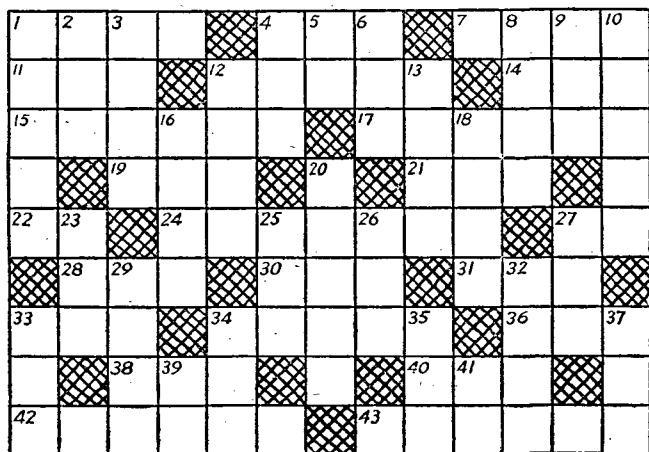
Hidden County Cricketers. Wyatt, Hutton, Edrich.

Peter Fuck's Fun Fair
SHOP
HOPE
OPAL
PELT

1 Hawthorn. 2 Ash. OILS
3 Birch. 4 Maple. IDEA
5 Larch. 6 Walnut. LETS
SASH

Reading Across. 1. A floor of a ship. 4. Don Bradman knows how to use this. 7. A discharge of a firearm. 11. To go astray. 12. An examination of accounts. 14. Organ of hearing. 15. Children. 17. A public official who certifies documents. 19. A honey-maker. 21. A light sleep. 22. Preposition. 24. This one will be seen in the sea. 27. Pronoun. 28. A deep groove. 30. Strikes a billiard ball. 31. To make brown. 33. This is mightier than the sword. 34. The last of five begins at the Oval next week. 36. Writers and printers use this. 38. Wrath. 40. This should come later. 42. To put in tune. 43. One quarter of the year. Reading Down. 1. An entry recording money owing. 2. Period of time. 3. A child's cot. 4. A public conveyance. 5. Advertisement. 6. A valuable metal. 8. A pile. 9. Used for propelling a boat. 10. Appointed meeting-place. 12. Once more. 13. Pitch of the voice. 16. Sleep. 18. Sour. 20. To entertain. 23. Metal in its unrefined state. 25. This is welcome on hot days. 28. Encountered. 27. A hostelry. 29. One. 32. Helps. 33. Leguminous plant. 34. Twice five. 35. To perceive. 37. Relationship. 39. Rugby Union. 41. Chemical symbol for sodium.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. *Answer next week*

LATEST BEAUTY NOTE: YOUNG AND OLD NOW BLANCH THEIR TEETH.

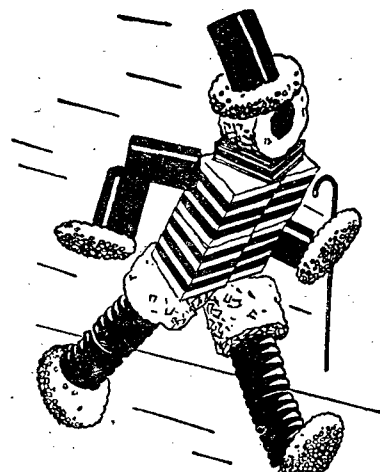
Women who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight (men, too!) will be interested in the discovery of what actually does whiten teeth in a week's time.

Within a few days from the time you begin this simple treatment your teeth will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. Your mirror will show it plainly, and your friends will notice it. Magnesium Hydroxide causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the dull teeth brighten and whiten under it.

Getting the right brand of Magnesium Hydroxide is no trouble. It is 'Milk of Magnesia,' and this can be obtained in a new type of toothpaste—Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Use this as your regular dentifrice, and your teeth will be very perceptibly whiter.

That, however, is not the main reason dentists are urging the use of this dentifrice. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' is the most effective neutralizer of destructive mouth acids yet discovered. Tartar does not even form in the mouth that is kept alkaline by constant use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and the gumline safe from decay. And the teeth have an amazing, almost artificial whiteness.

All chemists have this remarkable dentifrice. Ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.



How'd you do! Do you know me?—I'm Bertie,

I'm as sweet and as nice as can be!

I'm noted by all sorts

For goodness of Allsorts,

For all sorts like Allsorts like me!

BASSETT'S
ORIGINAL
LIQUORICE ALLSORTS

IN CARTONS 2½, 3½ & 4½ also 3½ Qtr. lb. loose. Of all good Confectioners

MOTHERS' PROBLEM WITH GROWING GIRLS.

Many mothers do not realise that when their daughters are approaching their 'teens complete and regular movement of the system is of vital importance. That is why doctors and nurses recommend a regular liquid laxative. But any strong medicine may easily harm the child and lead to serious internal troubles in later life. The ideal liquid laxative for the female constitution is 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is efficient yet gentle and safe. Give your daughters a dose once a week to make sure that the inside is clean and entirely free from poisonous waste. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand, 1/3 and 2/6, of all chemists.